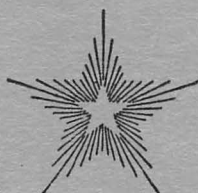


AUGUST, 1928

# THE · STAR

*An International Magazine*

AUGUST



1928

The Potter *and*

The Necessity for Change J. Krishnamurti

Happiness and Liberation

A Symposium, Adyar, India

Supplement, Ojai Star Camp

Address, Impressions



PRICE FORTY CENTS

# THE STAR

THE STAR is an international magazine published simultaneously in twenty-one countries and fourteen languages—Bulgarian, Danish, Dutch, English, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Italian, Norwegian, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, and Swedish. It has representatives in forty-seven countries.

Each number of the magazine consists of two Sections, THE INTERNATIONAL SECTION, copy for which is prepared and distributed by the International Editorial Board from Eerde, Ommen, Holland; THE NATIONAL SECTION, which is prepared by the National Editors in each country.

## PURPOSE

1. The main purpose of THE STAR is to proclaim the message of Krishnamurti, the World-Teacher. The essence of this message is Happiness through Liberation.
2. THE STAR desires to create the miracle of order over centuries of chaos and to bring about the true and harmonious understanding of life.

## POLICY

1. THE STAR will deal with all the problems and with all the expressions of life. It seeks to cultivate intelligent revolt in all domains of thought and thereby create a synthetic understanding of life.
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# The Potter

By J. KRISHNAMURTI



As the potter  
To the joy of his heart  
Molds the clay,  
So thou canst create  
To the glory of thy being,  
Thy future.

As the man of the forest  
Who cuts a path  
Through the thick jungle,  
So thou canst make,  
Through this turmoil of affliction,  
A clear path  
To thy freedom from sorrows,  
To thy lasting happiness.

O friend,  
As for a moment  
The mysterious mountains  
Are concealed by the passing mist,  
So thou art hid  
In the darkness  
Of thine own creation.



What thou sowest,  
The fruit thereof  
Shall burden thee.  
O friend,  
Heaven and hell  
Are words  
To frighten thee to right action,  
But they exist not.  
Only  
The seeds of thine actions  
Shall bring into being  
The flower of thy longing.

As the maker of images  
Carves the human shape  
Out of granite,  
So, out of the rock  
Of thine experience,  
Hew thine eternal happiness.

Life is a death,  
Death is a rebirth.  
Happy is the man  
That is beyond the clutches  
Of these limitations.



# The Necessity for Change

By J. KRISHNAMURTI



MORALITY must ever be changing to keep pace with life; for life is ever changing and you cannot bind life as you bind morality. Morality must change century after century to keep pace with ever-changing, ever-forceful life. You cannot bind the sea, but you can a river and make it flow where you will. Whereas the sea is boundless, the river can be held by a dam for the purposes of man. So likewise morality is the river and life is the sea.

In India we do not keep pace with life; we are trying to follow the morality of the past. Life is bounded by our tradition; and with life so bound, we have invented a morality that strangles life. In order to understand life—ever changing, never constant—you must have a changing morality. All over the world, in America, in Europe, and elsewhere, they find life so strong, so powerful, so energetic, that they have to change morality. Here we have settled down under the shade of a tree—a religious tree which is supposed to shelter our being, though it does not. In the name of religion we commit atrocities, and we call them religion. In Russia, where the revolution has suppressed religion, they say (I do not fully agree, but I agree in part) that religion is a drug, a dope that lulls the people; it is a disguise behind which you can hide immorality, scoundrelism, anything, and call it religion. "Away with religion," they say, "let's get rid of God." Of course, you cannot get rid of God; it is like putting out the sun. You can create a barrier behind which to hide from the sun but you cannot get rid of the sun.

In India we are still restricted by ideas of morality and held by traditions which were good perhaps some hundreds or thousands of years ago. As a tree drops its leaves (which is a sorrow to the tree), so must human beings change, they must be vital, restless. Evolution is continual changing, going on and on; and if you would keep up with evolution, your outlook, and all your ideas must change. With that introduction, let us look at our lives, each one of us at our own, not our neighbor's.

First, life is one, whether in men or in women. Because there is sorrow, in woman as in man, suffering is in woman as in man; so to divide human beings into men and women, from the very start, is wrong. Because they have different bodies, we think—men think—that they must be treated in a different fashion and educated in a different way. But do not women suffer in the same way as men do? Have they not the same doubts, the same troubles, the same sufferings as men? So if you look from the bigger point of view, sex disappears, as it should. With that disappearance of the compartments of humanity—men and women—life will become much simpler; and we can solve the problems that each must face.

Let us look at our own traditions, life, customs, habits that cause so



much sorrow, degradation, suffering. But first, I would like it understood—because it will grow in the minds of the people that I am a western in my ideas—that I am neither Indian nor western; I am just a traveller on the path, observing things that pass me by. And if I see anything that is wrong (from my point of view, of course), naturally I want to correct it.

What is the thing that strikes one most from a quite impersonal attitude of mind? Two things fundamentally: the question of woman and the question of education. As you know, women are keepers of tradition much more than men. If women made up their minds to alter anything in the world, they could alter it tomorrow. They are capable of much more self-sacrifice than men, and so have greater strength. But the woman who is a keeper of tradition, if she is to understand life, must change her attitude of mind. She must no longer be a slave. I use this word expressly, because women allow themselves to be dominated. I know that many women agree with me, when they are far away from their husbands, but when they return to their homes, the trouble begins. Then the men begin to dominate. Why should you yield? You are as good as men; you have greater strength! In America in certain schools there have been strikes among students, because the professors treated the students in a cruel manner. So you should form a Women's Union, not Association, and strike over things that matter.

I am going to tell you what matters, for on you depends the future glory of India; because you have the glory of bearing children. One of the most cruel things we have is child marriage. Do not look at it from the father's or the mother's point of view, but from the child's point of view. Suppose you were made to do things you abhor; what would you do? Resist, fight, struggle, run away. Let me give you an example of a boy friend of mine in California. He is five years old and used to play with me often. One day his mother told him she was going to give him castor oil, and the boy objected, as all boys do. The mother insisted; the boy said, "All right!" When the hour came, his mother could not find him; a friend found him three and a half miles from home, and asked the boy why he had gone away so far. The boy told him that his mother had insisted on giving him castor oil against his will, and so he was going out into the world to earn his living—he was five years old! After great tact and persuasion, he was brought back; but he did not take the castor oil.

Don't you see, you want independence, an independent spirit. Just think for a moment: Is it right to marry (even if the *Shastras* say you may) a girl of eleven or lesser age? You were all married probably at that age; you know the sorrow, the suffering, the calamity; and yet why do you allow it? Forget your religion, your sacred books, everything; but remember your sorrow, because out of sorrow comes the blossom of experience.

I was talking to a young girl of seventeen. She was married at eleven. I know this is only an instance among hundreds and thousands. At fourteen she had a child. It is like a bud just about to open and give forth its scent, and you take it and tear the petals out. The girl had an operation and lay ill in a hospital for two years. I asked her why she stood it. She said, "My father and mother pushed me out of home." Karma, you will say. I asked her why she



herself stood it at all. She said, "It is my karma; I have wept so much thinking of all these horrors that I can no longer weep and I am only seventeen, and I am waiting for the day when I shall die!" Her husband probably ill-treats her, and yet I am sure they all call themselves very religious.

What is the good of religion, of anything, if you let a person suffer? Probably they are religious and they attend to all the sacred ceremonies; yet they allow their daughter to bear suffering and sorrow because they follow the traditions. I have the greatest difficulty in restraining my tears. Think of the appalling brutality, the cruelty, the suffocation that the young girl had to put up with! Why do you allow it? Is it because the sacred books say so, or is it because of some rotten tradition? What has tradition, what have the sacred books to do with sorrow? If the sacred books, if tradition, do not give happiness to every individual, they are not worth anything! Determine, once and forever, that when you go back to your homes, you are not going to allow your daughters to be maltreated. In this Province (Madras) and in Bengal, child marriage is worse than anywhere else. I know you all shake your heads in approval, some of you are crying because you feel it; but the moment this meeting is over, you are going to step back into the old rotten traditions. Perhaps because you have closed your heart and mind, you do not see suffering as I see it. If you can't keep your mind and heart open, and if you do not find sufficient reason—reason is the key to open your heart—you are certainly lost. The key lies not in the sacred books or tradition, but in the sorrow around you.

Let me take another question, that of forbidding widows to remarry. The other day in Madura, in the Meenakshi Temple, I was in the Holy of Holies when a young widow came in. She suddenly began to sing in the most extraordinarily tender voice, and she expressed—I didn't understand the words—all she had suffered and was passing through, in that song. She could no longer bear children, or have children; all the pleasures and delights of children were killed. The love and affection of her husband—if the husband did give it, it's a rare thing!—was finished for her in this life. And the sorrow of a barren home remained. She must live alone all her life or become somebody's servant, as most widows do. Probably she returned home, her heart weeping, her mind at unrest. Whose fault is it but yours? You women are responsible for her sorrow, because you allow such a cruel thing. You bear such responsibility, and you do not know how to use it. Why don't you pass a law forbidding widowers to remarry? They can do what they please, but women can't. Why? They are the rulers at home and elsewhere. Don't you see it depends on you? Refuse to cook their evening meal, and they will soon do anything you want.

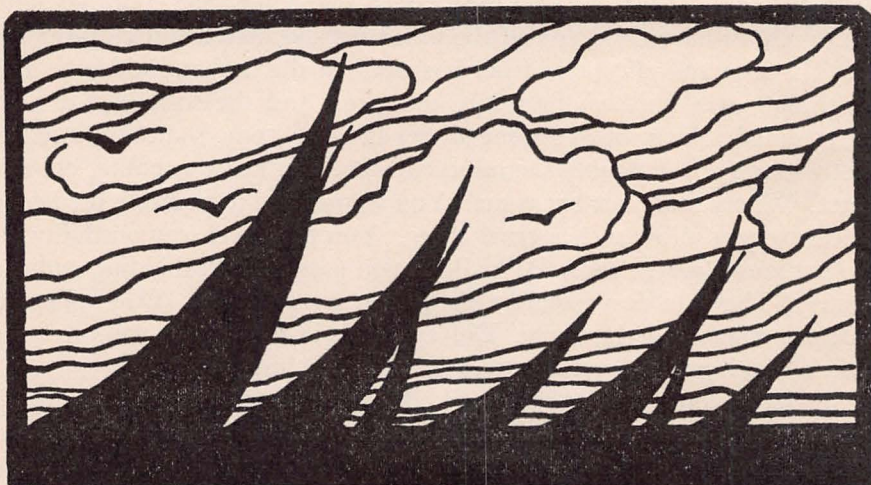
Now let us look at the question of education. Again the eternal question of man and woman. Man has a different kind of education; woman, practically none at all; and because they have not the full education that men have, women bring up their children cruelly. Who is the biggest person in the house, the father, the mother or the child? It is the child who has the future, in him is the whole creation, he is the bud. And as you would treat a bud with care, give it proper food and shelter, so must you treat the child. Just look at your homes and children. First of all the things a child needs most are sleep and health; but



he takes food when he likes and sleeps where he likes, and has to wake up when the father eats because the mother has to serve him. Perhaps he is sleeping in a corner while his father is eating. I cannot go into more details. What matters is that the child should have proper care and nutrition, a quiet and clean place to sleep in, and healthy surroundings to play in, not dirty streets. The care that you give even to animals that you are fond of you do not give to your children. The child is the state, the future generation, everything you can think of. The child is the ruler—should be the ruler—in the house, not the father or any other. You mothers must look after the children, not from the old standpoint of tradition, but from the point of view of life. You will never be happy—the child, man or woman—if you are constantly thinking of religion and adapting and twisting your life to it. For life is limitless and boundless. Because you always bind morality, you make life itself twisted, hard and miserable. So, I hope you will, if you want to be really happy, step aside from tradition, from all that binds, and look at life in its freshness.

(An address given to the women of India by Krishnaji at the annual meeting of the Women's Indian Association, held in Adyar, Madras, India. We believe this will be of interest to all our readers and we have therefore pleasure in publishing it in *The Star*.

We acknowledge the courtesy of the Editor of *Stri-Dharma* for the permission to reprint this address.)





# Happiness and Liberation

(Under the great Banyan Tree on the estate of the Theosophical Society at Adyar, Madras, India, were gathered, on the evening of the 28th of December, 1927, about three thousand people who listened to an exposition on the great theme of Happiness and Liberation. It was a novel experiment in method of exposition, for the first time tried before a large gathering of people.

Mr. Krishnamurti expounded his ideas in discussing the problems on the goal of life. The novelty of the exposition was in the discussion itself in which several took part. We give below a verbatim report of this interesting polylogue.)

Y. PRASAD: Here we are at a great gathering. We are going to disperse in two days. What message shall we take away?

C. JINARAJADASA: I always feel that when I am part of a great gathering, and in that gathering there is a great spirit of friendship of a subtle kind, that I am nearer to what I am seeking. After such a gathering as this, I feel that more power is released in me to achieve my ideals, and I hope that with my spirit of friendship I have been able to help each person to come nearer to *his* ideal. The value to me does not consist so much in any teachings that have been learnt here, but more in the spirit of unity which we have had, and in the capacity we have developed to release spiritual force.

KRISHNAMURTI: You can release the spiritual force more easily if you have definitely learnt something.

C. J.: That is just my point. I *have* learnt something, but it cannot be put down in precise terms. It is the coming a little nearer to the unity.

RAMA RAO: What do you exactly mean by spiritual force?

C. J.: I mean by spiritual force that energy which is in each one of us, which manifests itself in various forms such as love, resistance to suffering, daring, and so on, but fundamentally has a quality of self-sacrifice.

KRISHNAJI: You really mean understanding life.

C. J.: In the biggest sense of the word "life."

KRISHNAMURTI: Therefore the thing that matters is to understand life from the biggest point of view, to understand all that is taking place around us, the whole time.

C. J.: Personally, I am far more interested in understanding the relations of the life around me to itself, than its relation to me.

R. R.: Exactly what do you mean?

C. J.: I mean that I am not very subjective and introspective in temperament, and that to me there is a far greater fascination in seeing the play of life's forces by themselves, rather than an interest in the way those forces affect me. For instance, I am not so much interested in how I shall achieve happiness, but more in how others will gain happiness.

R. R.: I don't quite follow you.

C. J.: It is like this: When I look at a picture, my chief interest lies in admiring its beauty; I become enthusiastic about its beauty, its wonder as a work of



art; I am not thinking especially of the way it is affecting me.

KRISHNAMURTI: You can look in the right way at a picture that an artist has painted. You have had, in this life or before, the training of introspection. Very few people look at it from the artist's point of view. You can say it is great whether it affects you pleasantly or not. You have trained yourself to forget yourself.

C. J.: That is only my temperament. My whole temperament is to say, "What a beautiful picture it is. Is it not grand?" I am so keen and full of realization what a grand thing the picture is for people in general. Before the picture, I want to forget all about myself.

R. R.: To come back to the original point, why don't you drop these old nomenclatures, such as "spiritual force" and so on? Don't you feel they are befogging the mind?

Y. P.: Krishnaji has explained life from the biggest point of view. Yet it must be brought down to concrete things which we all feel and experience. In order that we may be capable of understanding the same feelings in others, we must in our mind limit and define them by names. How else? Perhaps the old names have been so put to people that they have become mere formulae and there is no idea of the life behind it and its mystic quality which unites, while mere formulae create barriers and separate.

A. SCHWARZ: And you miss the real thing.

KRISHNAMURTI: In order to understand life which is vibrant, which is strong in each one of us, we have to understand what is the cause of pain, what is the cause of happiness and sorrow. You do not want any words for that.

P. K. TELANG: You will have to keep the nomenclatures. You can explain the real meanings of those words at the same time. How else will you explain happiness?

KRISHNAMURTI: First of all, they say that happiness lies in the possession of a multitude of things. That is only a small portion of that real happiness. You are treading the first step of the ladder in trying to get happiness through *possessions*. When you take another step on the ladder you do not want *possessions* any longer. The moment you make up your mind to be *really* happy, then you are truly going further up the ladder.

P. K. T.: There is always the need of nomenclature when we have to explain to people the meaning of truth or happiness.

KRISHNAMURTI: You have now got idols which you have covered up with flowers, with dresses, with *kunkumam*. You have overlaid the idols with these. You do not see the idols because of these. You must remove these to see the image.

Y. P.: It applies to one's own personality too. We have got to get rid of all these superficialities in order to understand life.

B. SANGEEVA RAO: You mean then, that you want the unreal thing to be removed first before you see the real. Can we get a glimpse of the mountain top, from the very bottom, where we are immersed in unrealities, in the mists of the valley?

KRISHNAMURTI: Surely, to me the summit is happiness, freedom, libera-



tion. Happiness comes through liberation, which means freedom from *everything*, from gods, from philosophies, from desires, and from all that type of thing. You can show to the least experienced man, that the mountain top does exist, and you can ask him to gaze at it. Suppose a man fixes the goal as the mountain top, then he will utilize that goal to judge and to weigh his actions in his daily life. However inexperienced, however small he be, what he has seen will be so immense that he will say: "I must not do this, and I must not do that, because that action of mine will interfere with, will block, will blur the vision which I once have seen." He must use it as a comparison, as a balance. For instance, suppose Rama Rao there, owns a car. The desire among the poorest who know Rama Rao is to imitate. Their whole life is concentrated on getting to the same status as Rama Rao—to have a car, a big house, servants and all the other kinds of luxuries. But Rama Rao is not happy, even though he does possess all these things. You must tell the man who is trying to imitate Rama Rao, who has a craving for these things, that Rama Rao is far from the mountain top. You can guide him to observe, through Rama Rao, that he is not happy in spite of all his possessions. In other words, there is a way of acquiring experience through Rama Rao.

C. J.: I feel one difficulty. You say that happiness is the greatest thing. It seems to me that I have been seeking happiness all the time. That one thing has been my goal. I have gone through experience after experience and have already had happiness. You ask us once again to look at the mountain top. But I have been looking at the mountain top all the time, and am I any more happy than I was at the beginning?

KRISHNAMURTI: Suppose you have once seen a beautiful image or a fine view or something that gives tranquility to your mind, such an image or view will always come back to you at moments of depression, worry or moral ill-health, if you will let it; but the momentary depression or worry or excitement is so strong that it overwhelms you, so that you lose the beauty of the vision. If once you have established where you want to go, that goal will always influence you, will always correct you and will guide you. It will be your true guide even though momentarily you may be submerged by the clouds that appear between the goal and yourself.

Y. P.: You want, therefore, that people should gain experience from others? We see that they have got all these things, possessions, comforts, etc., and yet they are not happy. Is it not likely that the attitude of mind you suggest of depending upon others for your experiences, will bring crudity in the world, due to a lazy attitude? The world around us is full of every kind of experience, if only we would open our eyes to see it. If we get into a negative attitude of mind, is it not likely to lead us to absolute inaction, contrary to evolution? What is the positive, constructive side of the attitude of mind you suggest?

KRISHNAMURTI: Jadu, you have not understood my thought of gaining experience through Rama Rao. Let me once again explain. Suppose there is a house with many stories and each story has many windows. My incessant desire is to go to the top floor and possess the freedom of the fresh air. I want to



get at the open place where the heavens are open to me. If I fix that as my goal, then instead of travelling horizontally I can always travel vertically. If I do not fix my goal, if my desire is not for the open sky which is happiness, then I go to the first floor where there are many windows overlooking the same street, and I go from one window to another, acquiring the same experience until I have looked through every window, and then I go to the next floor, and so on till I arrive at the open space. This is waste of time; hence it creates unnecessary karma. On the other hand, if you fix your goal from the very beginning, when you come to the first floor, you look through one window and acquire the experience of all the other windows by comparison, and rapidly go to the next floor, until you reach the open space. This does not mean a lazy attitude. On the contrary, you are always alert. Liberation does not result from negation, but from the perfection of the mind, the emotions and the physical body. In order to make the physical body perfect and in harmony with the other two, you must have utter cleanliness which involves the utilization of modern appliances. You can gather experience vicariously by using your imagination, in view of your goal.

MALATI PATWARDHAN: That is the difference between the direct and the indirect path. When you look at each window on each floor you are climbing by the indirect path. What Krishnaji means by the direct path is this. You look through one window and experience the other windows by using your imagination. The indirect path tells you to experience for yourself the view from each window on every floor.

C. J.: In this connection I would like to mention one thing. I have long thought of the possibility of people gaining experience vicariously. Many years ago, when thinking on the subject of art, it seemed to me that when a person responds to the message of art, he grows by vicarious experience. Take, for instance, *Romeo and Juliet*. Study that drama well and intimately, and then you can, without going through its tragedy in your own life, get the lesson of it all. But it requires the artistic temperament.

B. S. R.: But has everyone got the artistic temperament?

C. J.: Yes, everyone has got it—*somewhere in his nature*.

(Silence for half a minute.)

A. S.: All this searching for happiness is wrong. My own feeling is that the only way of getting happiness is by trying to make others happy.

KRISHNAMURTI: That is precisely my point. When you say you are happy, I say you are really unhappy and I have a remedy for you. Not that I want to force you in any way.

M. P.: Unless you yourself are happy, how are you going to make others happy?

KRISHNAMURTI: Suppose you give a bottle of whiskey to a drunkard; he may think that by drinking he is happy. But what you are doing for him is only to give him oblivion from his real misery. When people say they are happy, they are not really happy in the true sense. They are only covering up the fundamental unhappiness in their nature by their various activities. But you must understand what is true happiness before you can give it to others. You must



perceive the goal. You must try the way I suggest and then when you have got a glimpse of the goal you can use the power of that glimpse to give it to others.

C. J.: You hold that some things, ceremonies for instance, are the indirect path, and not the goal. What about the people who are performing ceremonies? To them it *is* the goal, it is the mountain top.

KRISHNAMURTI: It is wrong.

JAMNADAS DWARKADAS: Might it not be a drug administered by interested parties to lull them to sleep?

C. J.: I can't say that it is such a drug. When I see a man performing a ceremony with the feeling that he is coöperating with God in the performance of that ceremony, I cannot say he is deluded, and that he is wasting his efforts.

J. D.: It may be a case of the blind leading the blind, the ignorant adding to the ignorance of the world.

Y. P.: His inspiration is dependent upon something of a temporary character. History shows that as soon as the priests go wrong, all the power and inspiration is likely to crash. We must try to cultivate the habit of getting inspiration from beautiful things, such as in the rising sun or the petals of a flower which are much more of a permanent character than being dependent on priests and rites and ceremonies.

B. S. R.: But is not ritual a kind of art? Is it not one of the highest creations of the human mind?

KRISHNAMURTI: It does not give enough power to create, as you ought to create.

C. J.: But some individuals do get inspiration by performing rituals.

M. P.: But that is not enough. Although it may be a work of art, it is still the indirect path.

C. J. Does it very much matter, so long as you get there?

KRISHNAMURTI: But it does matter. Suppose I know a road to the Central Railway Station which is the shortest, naturally I will prefer that to any other.

C. J.: It is not a question of shorter or longer time, but it is a question of happiness.

R. R.: It may be I prefer the longer path, because it is shadier.

K. S. CHANDRASEKARA AIYAR: Does happiness consist in getting there quickly?

M. P.: After seeing the mountain top, you will not want to take the longer route.

Y. P.: Real happiness consists in the vision which you have got even when you are in the valley. Once you have got that vision, and have determined where you want to go, then that memory will be constantly present in yourself. It will give real happiness whether you are outwardly in sorrow or in pain.

K. S. C.: We must not ignore the happiness of the ordinary man. Why do you disturb him? Why not let him alone? I feel a certain amount of happiness in drinking coffee, in putting on a gold watch and so on. Why should I not have that happiness?

P. K. T.: But that is not real happiness.



KRISHNAMURTI: Suppose you have got things, suppose you have a beautiful wife and children. But in spite of these there is inside you, all the time, a dissatisfaction, a desire to find and establish happiness within yourself. That desire is bubbling up inside you, all the time.

J. D.: Mr. Chandrasekara Aiyar, may I give a simple example that what you say is not quite true to human nature? Suppose after years of love and possession you really begin to love a friend and you are separated from him for a long period. When you know that he is not far from you, naturally you have an intense longing to see him, then everything including possessions ceases to attract you, and you take the shortest route that will take you to him.

Y. P.: If you have got a gold watch, it is likely to be lost; if you have a beautiful wife, perhaps she will die. If you rely for happiness on these things you can never be happy. Happiness is a thing which is permanent. It is an attitude of mind. These things are mere surface ripples.

K. S. C.: Why should I not enjoy these things now, and then go up to the great things later? What is the need for any teaching about happiness? Do fishes need to be taught how to swim? Can we also not learn happiness instinctively?

KRISHNAMURTI: But we are not living a natural life like the fishes. Our world, unlike theirs, is covered over with all kinds of trivial and superficial things. In America, for instance, they have made the perfection of the physical. They say, "Let us have everything perfect on the physical plane." That is not enough. You must use these things as stepping-stones to something else, and not as the goal itself.

K. S. C.: Do you say the desire for these things is bad?

KRISHNAMURTI: No, on the contrary the desire for these things has a proper value. But the desire itself for the things does not bring happiness.

Y. P.: What is necessary is to have the goal all the time in your mind.

C. J.: Is there not a very big danger in concentrating on this problem of happiness? Look, for instance, at India, where we have five million Sannyasis. They are all seeking happiness; but they are all self-absorbed. Is there very much result, for all practical purposes, so far as the progress of the people is concerned? Are we not creating the same danger when we insist that people must think only of the goal?

KRISHNAMURTI: No, you cannot become self-absorbed and hence useless to others, if you have clearly before you the right goal. Those Sannyasis have not established their real goal.

M. P.: How can you make others happy, unless you yourself are happy?

P. K. T.: The two are interdependent, aren't they?

B. S. R.: I, the average man, do not see the mountain top. What will enable me to see it?

KRISHNAMURTI: That is my work.

K. S. C.: Is your Happiness meant for all people, or only for those who are discontented?

KRISHNAMURTI: For all people.



# SUPPLEMENT

*The*

INTERNATIONAL

OJAI STAR CAMP

CONGRESS

MAY 20 TO 28, 1928

ADDRESS AND IMPRESSIONS



# International Star Camp Congress

OJAI, CALIFORNIA, MAY 21 TO 28, 1928

## The Conquest of Illusion

*Address by DR. J. VAN DER LEEUW*



It is not my intention to deliver a lecture today. I want to go with you on a voyage of exploration, a voyage of discovery. We are to discover a new world, new to many of us, a world of reality, a world of life. You cannot discover that world by listening to a lecturer, but only by going on a voyage of discovery. For that, however, you must have a sense of adventure. If to you the world is ordinary and commonplace, if you find life dull, if you should belong to those unhappy people who are bored with life unless every day they can find a new sensation or a new thrill, then this voyage is not for you. If you should belong to the still more unhappy people who have explained life so that it holds no further mystery for them, then again you cannot go on this voyage of discovery. But if to you the world is full of mystery, if around you you sense the unknown, the great life, everywhere, then come on this journey within yourselves, and I promise that you will discover new lands of beauty and eternal joy such as you can never find on any ordinary voyage.

But I do not promise you that the way shall be easy. You have to go through hardships, through bleak desolation, through mental suffering if you wish to discover truth.

It always means suffering when we disturb our mental comfort, and I want to begin today by shaking your mental comfort, if it be not already shaken. In order to do it, I shall put before you a few very elementary facts of science. Science cannot help you finally to discover that land of reality, but science can help you shake

that mental rest in which so many of us stagnate.

We are so sure of ourselves and of this world surrounding us that there is no mystery left. We are quite certain that we are within, and there, opposite and around us, stands the world, which we know so well.

We are sure of ourselves; but who are we? We are not the one we were in the past—the past is over. We are not yet the one we are to be in the future—the future is not yet. But what is the present? It has no duration. While I speak it has passed by. It does not even last a fraction of a second, not a millionth part of a second; it is only a mathematical line dividing past and future. It has no existence. Well then, if my past self no longer is, my future self is not yet and my present self has no existence, then. I do not exist at all. Neither do you exist. I have now disposed of my entire audience and myself. Apparently none of us exist, and that should be enough to shake us at least to some sense of adventure, a sense that there is something to discover.

But there is much more to follow. You are all seated, comfortably or uncomfortably, on the ground and you are quite sure that this solid, nice earth is all around you. You can feel it. If you lift the stones they are hard, heavy and solid and you know this good old solid world is about you. But when we study some elementary facts of science we see how that which we call matter, is composed of ultimate units, and these units are described as charges of negative electricity whirling like planets around a core of positive electricity. How very immaterial matter thus becomes. Think of this whole world of wood, iron,



earth, grass, human beings, as far as we see it physically, all consisting of negative charges of electricity whirling around positive cores. You have all read about this; it is an elementary fact of science. But it is not enough to read and to agree; if that simple fact of science cannot shake you so that your whole world appears new and strange then you have not read, you have not believed. I remember when, as a boy, I first read that there is no matter as such, for weeks and for months afterwards, I could not rest; I wanted to know what this world was which seemed disposed of by one magic stroke. We read, listen, agree and believe but it means nothing to us if it does not shake and change our lives.

We read in these same elementary scientific books that no two of these negative charges of electricity ever touch. The conclusion is that our human bodies cannot touch anything else, that we are not touching the earth, even now. If that does not disturb you, when you hear that you do not touch the earth you are sitting on, what can disturb you? They are such simple facts. We have all read them over and over again, but it is of vast importance that we let them eat into the very marrow of our bones, let them disturb our rest so that we know no rest, until we find truth and reality.

But, you will say, "at least I *see* the world. I see these beautiful trees around me, this blue sky, these green leaves. That surely is real, that world as I *see* it around me, as my senses show it." Let us again first shake our mental comfort in this respect.

Science teaches you that there is a vast, unlimited, range of vibrations in air and ether. Our set of senses responds to little groups here and there, and these groups, as they become sense perceptions, appear to us as sound, light, color and so forth. But if you, or if some other being, had a group of senses, none of which responded to vibrations to which you respond now, but which responded to different groups of vibrations, then your world would not have much in common with the world you now see around you. If two such beings met, you with your five senses and the other being with his five or more senses, and you

compared views, you would both claim that your world was the real one. Which of you would be right?

Now you have all read about these simple things, but what change has it made in your lives? These are facts which should shake our complacent view of this world. We must analyze the process of sense perception and see what measure of reality our world has.

Let us consider our sense of vision and see what happens when I look at this green tree. Science says that a vibration reaches the eye, that it is focussed through the lense on the sensitive retina behind the eye, where molecular, structural, and chemical changes take place. Then a movement takes place along the optic nerve to the grey matter in the brain, corresponding to the sense of sight. Then, in the brain, probably a chemical change takes place. But still there is no image of a green tree. The green tree has not entered my brain. In my brain it is dark, and even if an image could enter, there is no one there to see it. The last we know, is a possible chemical change in the dark grey matter of the brain.

And then suddenly I, the conscious individual, am aware of the green tree. Do you not see there is a mystery there? Then we take this image of the green tree and we project it, as it were, in the place of the unknown reality. We hang it on the peg of the unknown; we clothe that world of unknown things with the images arising in our consciousness and then we call that "the world." But we must go even further. The vibrations reaching the eye, the very eye, this whole body, all that is known to me in the same way. I do not know their real being. I only know them as awareness in my consciousness, as they appear in my consciousness.

I know nothing but my own consciousness. It is one of the most terrible discoveries to realize that each one of us lives in the world of his own consciousness alone and that all we know of our fellowmen, all we know of the great reality beyond is the image appearing in our consciousness, the awareness created there. That holds good, not only for the green tree, but for our own bodies, which we feel and see in a similar manner. It holds



good for all that belongs to what we call the external universe .

Do not just listen to this, but try to realize in yourselves what it means. If it does not come to you as a shock, if it does not change your life, then you have not understood.

Each one of us lives in the world of his own consciousness, knows only that which appears in that consciousness. You will ask, "is then this whole world merely my creation? Is it my dream, my fancy; these trees, that nature, my fellowmen, are they all my creation?" But how could they be? If they were, you could change them at will. If any of your fellowmen annoyed you, you would cease to create them and they would be gone. What an empty world it would be! You can see for yourself that the fact of our not being able to change these images of ours at will shows that there is a reality which acts on my consciousness. As a result, in my consciousness, these images appear which I call the world. We might express it in this way: accept for a moment that there is this world, the world of eternal reality, in which things are in their true being. You may think of that world as a mathematical point. That eternal reality is all that ever was, all that is, all that ever can be, in utter unity. The inter-relation of things in this real world, their "action" on my consciousness, produces in the world of my consciousness my world-image and I call that "the world." That world-image becomes reality for me. I look upon it as the world itself, whereas all the time it is my interpretation, my image of the world. Each of the millions of creatures, having their true being in that world of the real, will have his experience of that eternal reality, each one of them will project in the world of his consciousness his world image, and this shadow play he calls "reality." It is all he knows of the world.

When I think again of that tree I can picture to myself that tree in the world of reality as a mathematical point, having within itself all that in my consciousness, or any other consciousness, can produce the image of the tree. It is only in my consciousness that this tree exists so many feet high, so heavy, so rough to the touch, with these colors, these time and space

measurements. All these are the way in which I interpret eternal reality. That is a tremendous fact to be realized, not just to be agreed with. All this is not an intellectual picture puzzle in which the pieces fit well. It is something to be realized, to be experienced in your own consciousness and then it becomes a tremendous thing.

Now you might say, "Oh, then this whole world I see is only my illusion." So many say that. But it is a phrase empty of meaning. You do not believe it yourselves. You may say this world of matter is illusion, this time, this space is only illusion, but you deny it in your every action. How can you say space is an illusion when some of us had to come six thousand miles to be at this Camp? I assure you it was no illusion. How can you say time is an illusion when, if you had come a week too late, there would have been no Camp? How dare you say matter is illusion when the lunch hour strikes? We deny these phrases in our daily life; it is dangerous to use them and not really believe them.

What then is illusion, this maya which we must conquer? It is not the image arising in my consciousness, not my interpretation of the world, which has a vital relation to the reality that produces it, but the fact that I forget the relation of that image to myself. That is the great illusion. When I see and hear this world, with its colors, its sounds, its solidity, its glamor of reality, I forget that it is my interpretation, the image in my consciousness, that it has only existence *in relation to* my own individual consciousness. We cut the image off from that consciousness; we place it outside and thus we make that which is relative into that which is absolute. When you have done that you start the whole series of delusions and sufferings which haunt the life of man.

Thus form is born. What we call form, the world of forms, is only this externalized world image, this world image, which is perfectly proper in its place as part and parcel of my consciousness. But when I cut it off from my consciousness and place it outside me, it stands there surrounding me in a bewildering diversity, these many forms, all apart from me, all different. I appear in



the midst of that world of diversity. Then the forms "outside" claim an *absolute* nature which is not theirs by right, since they exist only *relative* to my own consciousness. Then illusion is born. Then are born all the problems which have haunted religion and philosophy. Then is born desire. We begin to contemplate and desire these forms which are our externalized world-image, which we have cut off from our consciousness; our life becomes a play with them. Then the purpose of our life is there, in this world of forms; we seek support there, we seek authority there; we try to guide our life by books, by teachers. Then, in the pursuit of life, we seek things in that world of form; we want power, we want possessions. We want to have these things which appear so real to us, so absolutely real, and our life goes out to the things which we desire to possess; we want to bind these forms to ourselves.

If you have experienced in yourself what I have said just now about form you will see what a sorry, what an impossible play of shadows this is. We play with the image which we project all the time in our own consciousness. We play with the image which, in our illusion, we have cut off from our consciousness, thereby making it absolute, independent, instead of relative. Then arise monstrosities; then time and space, which have a perfect right in our world image as long as we see them as relative to our consciousness, become absolute things.

Consequently we talk of things as taking place in time and space. We give to things an objective beginning in time and an ultimate end in time. We see time as a scroll to be unrolled, and we look upon space as stretching beyond the farthest stars; we look upon separateness, this diversity, as a real thing. Then we have laid the foundation, not of a few, but of thousands of problems which can never be answered, since they are all founded in this basic illusion in which we disconnect our own world image from the consciousness in which alone it has existence.

But our delusion goes even further. Not content with having raised these many philosophical problems about the immortality of the soul, the justice of life, the freedom of the will, the relation between

spirit and matter, all of which arise in illusion, we begin to answer them, which is much worse. When we claim to have answered these pseudo-problems, based on illusion, we stand condemned by our own claim. We brand ourselves as prisoners of illusion by claiming to have answered problems that spring from illusion. How many have I not heard who explained to me such problems in a few sentences, solving this riddle of life. They condemned themselves.

If we realize illusion, we see that the way to reality, the way to truth, the way to peace from the turmoil of desire and pursuit in this outer world, cannot lie without. We must not take these problems at their face value. We must first seek reality; and until we have found this reality, until we have entered this world of the real, until we have entered this kingdom of the true peace and freedom, we had better leave these problems aside. It is a form of sacrilege to answer problems, to solve the mystery of life, when we do not even yet realize there is such mystery. As long as we are prisoners we cannot claim those things which are only seen in the light of freedom. And we are prisoners in the world of our own consciousness.

You all know the image in Plato's *Republic*, of the cave, where the prisoners are chained to the ground, seeing only the shadows cast on the back wall. They cannot look behind them; they cannot see the objects moving in front of the opening of the cave. They only see the shadows cast on the wall, and, since that is all they see, it is their world. It is all they know. They construct their science of life out of these shadows. And if one of them should arise and turn his face the other way, discover the opening of the cave, come out in the glorious light of the sun and go back to his fellow prisoners and say, yours is not a real world; there is a world of which these forms are but the shadows, they would say: He is mad. We know that this is a real world. Is it not the world of our fathers? Has it not always corresponded to our views of it? And if he told them to look behind them, his words would have no meaning. They do not know the direc-



tion. They only know the direction facing them.

Thus it is with us. We are bound in this cave of our consciousness; we only see the shadow-play, the images in this consciousness. And if someone says to us: "Turn around, go through the opening of the cave, which is the center of your consciousness and see what is beyond, find the world of reality," we say: "But where is it? Is it here? Is it there? Where must I travel, where can I go to find it?" We only know the direction of our externalized space, our externalized world image, and if we say, "go within," the words have hardly any meaning. Our whole life is spent in contemplating our world image, in gazing upon our own projection, and so when we are told this world of reality lies within, we feel lost and do not know how to go there.

Yet the way of going there is very simple, only it is a way very few of us like. The first conditions to find that way are silence and solitude. Now we do not like silence. We speak a great deal about the marvelous gift of speech, but in some ways speech is a curse, insofar as words cloud the reality they cannot express. Do you not all know that the greatest moments of your lives are speechless? You do not speak in the presence of death; you do not speak when your sorrow or your joy is really great. When you have lost a friend who was dear to you and you find him back after years of sorrow, do you go to him and speak in the conventional way and say: "did you have a good trip?" "how are you?" and "how is your family?" No, you look him in the eyes and in that silence your soul speaks to his soul in a language far more eloquent than any words can be. Silence is always so much more eloquent than speech. The true gift of speech is the ability to be silent. Until we realize that, until in the confusion of noise we can find silence, we cannot hope to enter this world of reality. We despise silence. And yet, have you never felt how, after a disharmony of sound, silence comes like a balm to heal the wounds of speech? If you have felt that, have felt the strength which it creates in you, you will seek silence, and only in that silence will you become strong.

The second condition is solitude. Not the solitude of running away and hiding in a hermitage, saying, "I do not see anyone, so I am alone." How can you be alone; how can you be in solitude if you still believe in this shadow play as the world of reality? And in your solitude, will you not find your retreat peopled by the shadows of your emotions and thoughts? How can you be alone as long as they haunt your days, as long as they disturb you? True solitude can be found in the crowd as well as in the retreat. The true solitude must be within, not merely physical, external.

The first step in solitude is to cease contemplating the world image you project around you. Turn your face the other way; find the center whence the image is projected and try to pass through it. You must renounce the image which stands around you; renounce the external world at all levels; renounce the play of your desires and emotions, renounce the dazzling display of your ever changing thought and imagining. Then sink into the depth of your own inner life as a diver sinks into the green cool depths of the sea. We always think we must attain by tremendous effort, tremendous strain; it is just the opposite when we try to find the world within. We must release all strain, all effort and go within. Sink into your own consciousness until there you come to the center where there is nothing, where even you yourself are no more. Even the contemplation of your own consciousness must cease when you have conquered the external bondage of physical form, of emotion and of thought. Even consciousness, even self must be renounced, so that within yourself you come to the great void where there is nothing. Here no friend can follow, no teacher can guide you, no book can give you instructions, no ceremonies can give you support, nothing and no one can help you.

If you are not willing to face the terrors of that void, you cannot hope to attain the world of reality beyond. I have known that void; and I know the reality beyond. And I can say with certainty that it is impossible to reach this world within, this world of reality, unless we are willing to pass through the bleak desolation of that



void within our own consciousness, unless we are willing to die unto ourselves so that we may live truly.

Now you can see why there can be only one way to reality. You may have different temperaments; some may be artists, some scientists, some rulers, some priests; you may gather your experience in the vast realm of life in very many ways. But for each one of you, on your own path must come the moment that you have to pass through the void of your own center of consciousness in order to reach reality. You may gain many beautiful and splendid things in other ways, but if you wish to gain reality, life, truth, there is only one way, this way which goes within. Unless you pass through the void and desolation within, you cannot find the fullness of life beyond. But if you do pass beyond, you know what life is. Then you find what freedom, what peace, what beauty, what joy can be.

Do not think of it as just another world; do not think there is this world here and a few more beautiful worlds beyond and then finally there is a very beautiful world which is this world of reality. Do not try to give it a place in your divisions and subdivisions of worlds as people so often do. It is not a world in any spatial or even subtle sense. All words are difficult here. Even the phrase, "we enter this world" is wrong. The moment we pass through that void in ourselves, we are no longer we; we are not longer the separate creature, but we are reality itself. In that Nirvana there is no place for the personal pronoun; there is no I; there is no separate creature; there is only reality; there is only the one Eternal which is past and future which is all the worlds that have been, that can be and that are.

That reality is so simple. It is the only world. There are not two worlds; not two realities; there is not one world of reality and one world of illusion; there is only the one eternal absolute reality, whatever name you wish to give it. That is all that has been, all that can be, all that is, an eternal present. In that we are; in that is every blade of grass; in that is every tree, not as we see them, but in their own true nature, in their essential being. There is utter unity; it is only in our con-

sciousness that this play of separateness, which we call "the world," arises. This has existence only relative to us; the real world is one, undivided, eternal and absolute.

Nothing matters but reaching that world in which illusion is no more. We speak of our life and our evolution; we think of ourselves in the past and we see ourselves in the future. But your real being in that world is eternal; it is your past and your future as a present reality. That is your true being, the complete cycle of your "evolution." What here you call yourself is only an ever-shifting cross-section of your eternal being.

That is why there is no beginning and no end to evolution. Time only exists as relative to ourselves. What we call evolution is self-realization. We realize our own eternal being and we call that realization growth, evolution. We have dreams of how great we shall be one day, and how, when we have reached that greatness, another vision will open before us of still greater greatness, and as that stands in the present, so there will be a yet greater vision. And we say, "what a magnificent conception!" That is only deluding ourselves. You can just as well say, here is a grain of dust; look at this vast world; look at the stars; see the milky way. Think then of the whole milky way as a grain of dust in another universe. What a magnificent conception! Do you think you get magnificence by heaping bigness on bigness, greatness on greatness?

All the time the true magnificence, the true greatness is within, if you will but pierce this veil of time and through the present enter the eternal. You are all that ever has been, all that ever can be, all that is. Then you no more speak of a greatness beyond, in the future, as of importance for us.

It is even so when we speak of the creation of the universe and think of the great Being that created it. What else is this creation of the world but his realization of his own eternal being, within which our own realization takes place. That is again why you can never find a beginning of creation and why there will never be an end to it. All objective ends and beginnings are part of our externalized time.



When we have conquered that, we do not ask these questions any more.

We clamor for immortality. What do we mean? We want to live forever in time. We want to remain ourselves in some glorified form. We demand that this miserable illusion of a cross-section of our eternal being may be immortal. If you will but renounce your dream of immortality and enter the eternal, you find something, in the light of which, immortality becomes a vain and empty dream. Who would demand immortality when he has experienced the eternal? In the experience of the eternal, there is no room for fear, and there is no room for hope, because there is certainty.

That world, the only reality, the only joy, the only freedom, the only peace, is waiting all the time within ourselves. But we rush forward all the time; we are always intent on the next moment. We think that sometime we are going to achieve something and we forget the only place and the only moment where the eternal can be attained is the here and the now. You must pierce the present; in it alone lies the secret door to the eternal. You must pierce the time and place in which you are. There you will find the omnipresent of the eternal. We seek it so far; we seek it in the far future, in distant lands. And all the time the open door to our prison is within, but we cannot see it and we remain prisoners of our own world image.

Do you desire to free yourselves from that prison? Many of you will say: "Yes, what greater thing could there be in life?" but I repeat my question: "Do you really desire it?" Because, if you desire it, your desire cannot be merely a wish. So many of us should like to attain to truth, to reality, to life and freedom. Yet, if we do not attain to it we are not very desperate, we live on. It is just an object in life which takes its place by the side of many other objects; if we do not get the one, we get the other. But in that way you will never attain. You know the story of the candidate for wisdom who came to an Indian yogi and asked to be accepted as his disciple. The yogi refused him first, but when the young man insisted, he said: "Come with me," and led him to a small lake be-

hind his dwelling. There he bade him enter the water with him and held him under water for a few seconds. When the disciple came up choking and spluttering, the yogi asked him: "When you were under water, what did you desire most?" He said: "air, I wanted air!" "Well," he said, "when you desire truth and reality as much as you desired air when you were under water, then alone can you attain." Do you desire reality that way? Do you desire it in a way that you feel life is impossible unless you have it?

I know that what little I have attained in my life, I attained because even as a boy I had a burning desire for truth. I wanted to know and I read all the books I could. Always this desire for truth, this ardent flame drove me on. I built myself systems; I found refuge in many books and systems of thought. But always this flame of my desire for truth would burn away and destroy my systems, burn away my books until I was left alone with the desolation of their ashes. Out of these ashes came the realization of truth.

When we begin to see that nothing from without in the way of knowledge can yield truth, then we begin to tread the path that leads through our own consciousness to reality. But remember, the desire for truth, the desire for life, the desire for reality must be the one dominant note in your lives. If all else is not subservient to it, if all else is not secondary, you cannot hope to attain it. Therefore if you say you desire this freedom, this reality, this peace, think whether you really desire it. If you do, your life will become very different. Nothing else will exist, and then you will attain.

In yourselves, is the open door to your prison house. Most of us do not even know we are prisoners and we think our prison is a marvelous world of freedom. Those who know they are prisoners generally complain and say, "we are bound; will not some one set us free?" But the great, the tragical secret is that the door of the prison is always open. The open door is always there, if we will but go through it and find freedom.

What is this freedom? It is hearing the song of life in all things, the trees you see, the sky above you, the world around you.



You are the song of life, the song of the eternal. There can only be freedom in the eternal which is without a second. There can never be freedom in that beside which other creatures exist. Only the One, alone, eternal, absolute, is free. There then waits our freedom, our peace and our joy. They are ours for the asking if we will but pass out of the present of our own making, pass through the open door in our own

consciousness and enter that world where there is freedom, where there is peace, where there is happiness which can never again be lost.

★ ★ ★

For a more complete exposition of Dr. van der Leeuw's lecture, see his new book "The Conquest of Illusion" (publisher Knopf) to be had from Star Bookshop, 2123 Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, California.

## Krishnaji

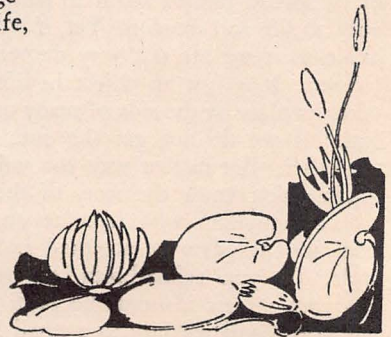
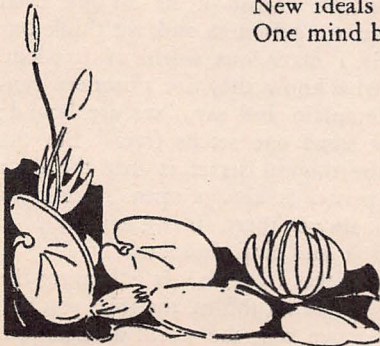
By ROSE HOLWAY SCHOFIELD

O joy triumphant covering the earth  
O bliss supreme in every heart,  
Lover of men, the Jewel of the earth,  
The Beloved of the world  
Is Here.

He carries the Light of the world in His  
Heart;  
Every parched grass blade,  
Every bird winging her way south,  
Every rock over which our feet tread daily  
Has His understanding—  
He Loves.

Light flames out  
Joy beats her wings,  
Hope rests calm in assurance,  
Angels in harmony draw near to men,  
He Smiles.

Men, inspired, create,  
The old is cleansed,  
New ideals from chaos emerge  
One mind becomes the one life,  
He Thinks.





# Our Star Camp Congress in Ojai

By JOHN A. INGELMAN

Like all things subject to the illusion of time, our Star Camp belongs to the past; but the memory thereof, and above and beyond all, its effect upon our consciousness remains.

So curious it seems—like an awakening from an extraordinarily vivid and beautiful dream; like unto a recollection of having passed through a strange new world. One finds oneself the same, yet not the same. Will this strange new state again leave us, mysteriously? I do not know—probably it never will. It is as though one's center of consciousness had widened out, making innumerable things and interests that before the Camp seemed very vital begin to fade out of focus.

We have all been thrown back upon ourselves. We have been led to the discovery of new values, leaving a sense of wonder that our minds could ever have made assertions and dogmas in regard to many a cherished problem.

For quite awhile we did not understand the language of the World-Teacher. We tried desperately to apply his words to our own beliefs and terminology, but failed. Only gradually and after considerable mental effort did many of us realize that we were being forced to let go of our comforts and acquired concepts, because here was a new and direct presentation of Life.

Pleading with our many forms and crystallized ideas, Krishnaji asked us constantly to look at all things from the Life side. Again we hear his ringing words: "I have come to free. I am burning with the desire to give you such an understanding of life that you will rid yourselves of all your jargons, your systems, all your philosophies—such an understanding as will put a mirror before you so that you will see yourselves as you are. To discover yourselves, to strengthen yourselves is all that matters, it is not your dogmas, your creeds and your philosophies."

Repeatedly Krishnaji asked us all to

cease gazing out of our own tiny windows, and instead, to look through him as the open door into Life. In simply expressed language, with the directness of genius, or in exquisite and poetical simile, he lifted us out and away from ourselves, into regions where all was glory, freedom, understanding.

I doubt if there was a single one of us who did not leave the Star Camp changed in some way because of having been drawn closer to the heart of things, contacting a reality never before experienced, or catching a new vision of the simplicity and beauty of life.

How profoundly true is Krishnaji's saying that most people desire comfort instead of understanding. But it is only the understanding of life that will wash away our sorrows and make us free. Comfort is only for the moment. It cannot be permanent because hand in hand with comfort goes desire, and desire brings forth further sorrow. The World-Teacher says: "Desire and sorrow are one and inseparable. To desire is to suffer." We can easily see that only in so far as we are able to stand apart from our experiences can we welcome them and draw out their real meaning. All experiences are gifts from the eternal spring of Life, and as we meet each one of them with open heart and mind, freed from fear or repulsion can we catch a vision of the Truth and Beauty hidden in every single one of them—even in those we are prone to call sorrowful or unlovely. Therefore, how blessed and priceless are the troubles and sorrows that meet us so frequently! For they constantly force us toward a greater understanding, an ever-deepening realization of Life so variously expressed in unending forms.

A friend of mine told me how in the late war, just before an engagement, surrounded on all sides by the horror of hate, fear, suffering and death, he suddenly realized with a vividness and certainty that he could, as it were, just with his hands



tear asunder like a veil the surrounding terror and darkness, and behind it see the one great Life and Light. It brought to him also the distinct realization that he himself was the cause of this war, no one else, that if he had conquered in himself all these illusionary aspects of separateness, of unfriendliness, of hate and suffering, there could have been no war. The door of his personality was rung open, and he felt himself as Life. In spite of the appalling misery on all sides he realized and knew that he was all Love, all Life.

The great moments in our lives tend to open for us our prison doors into Life, as we do not yet understand how to take advantage of the ordinary events. We pursue many theories, teachings or persons instead of opening ourselves, our own selves, to the Truth hidden everywhere and in everything. It is so easy to be attracted by brilliant minds without realizing that those

minds gravitate toward the complicated and intricate systems and philosophies but often miss the truth because of its simplicity and directness.

An experience that many must have had in regard to Krishnaji is that one does not contact in him a personality, a center of consciousness that one can analyze or define, but that as one tries to enter his consciousness one catches a glimpse of vast open spaces and sunlit heights.

Instead of giving us some beautiful ritual, Krihnaji has gone far beyond in showing us that Life itself is a ritual, is Beauty, is Truth, is the fullness of all things. As Krishnaji speaks, the Life which he is goes out and touches not only the Life in his listeners, but in some to us indescribable way, reverberates in the heart of Life everywhere; through every form open to receive it, through every part of our being, His Light shines!

## Krishnamurti and the Star Camp

By ALEXANDER IRVINE

Only a few weeks have passed since we sat around the last Camp-Fire on the hill, yet it seems to me like a strange dream of far away and long ago. Only a month has passed since I knocked at the door of Arya Vihara and was welcomed by Krishnamurti, yet it seems ages ago. I think the secret of this far away feeling may be found in the word harmony. If there had been a discordant note in any of those experiences, the sense of time would be shortened. They would seem to have occurred yesterday.

I presume I am asked for my impressions because I am a new comer, having just awakened into the Star family a few weeks before the encampment. I speak as a Camp-follower, a listener-in.

I have been in many Camps in many lands. I have camped with soldiers under burning skies, with pleasure seekers in the mountains and by the seaside; with sects and cliques, religious, mystical, and political. But the Star encampment was unlike any I have ever known.

A little canvas town—an impromptu City of Light in the beautiful Ojai Valley. A temporary population of a thousand people gathered together from the seven seas and the four corners of the earth. They were rich and poor, wise and not so wise, professional people, and hewers of wood and drawers of water. The most casual observer could hardly escape the impression that these people were campers—plus.

"Hand picked" is an expression well known to fruit growers. I applied it to the Star campers before I had mingled with them twenty-four hours. There was a spiritual atmosphere which expressed itself in a genuine courtesy, a warm kindliness and genial friendliness. Everybody seemed glad of a chance to do something for anybody else.

Our food was served over the counter of a cafeteria. If there be any kink in sainthood, it is sure to manifest itself at the food counter. The ordinary saint, prophet, or mystic can withstand considerable



roughhousing in the realm of the mind, but the real ego emerges when he attends to his department of the interior. Once or twice the spinach ran short; and a run on spinach in a Star Camp is like a run on a bank, with this important difference, that the disappointed depositor says things not lawful to utter, while the mystic attributes his poor luck to Karma (destiny), and so records it in his inner consciousness. I was in that long food line three times a day for a week and I never noticed even a rehearsal for a frown. The highest form of sanctification in this century is an intense desire not to have your own way. This was abundantly demonstrated in the Star Camp of 1928.

It was quite unusual, if not unique, to see a thousand people not only wait upon themselves but after each meal gather up the vessels they had used and take them to the wash-house.

No flesh of any kind was served. Nobody asked for it, not even the Camp followers. The sight or smell of a cigarette in a Star Camp would have been a sensation; as sensational as playing poker or shooting craps.

The campers seemed to be dressed in ordinary, every day habiliments; neither under nor over. There were two conspicuous exceptions to the happy or unhappy medium. One was a bishop who looked gloriously happy in shirt and trousers. The other was Krishnaji who wore a straw hat that looked like a bushel basket.

It was said of the Pilgrim Fathers that "they had plenty of nothing but Gospel." The Star Camp, thanks to good management, had plenty of everything *and* Gospel. The ordinary Camp program is usually cluttered and crowded with things that do not matter. Here there was time to think, to meditate, to rest. There was more work to do than was thought in pre-Camp arrangements. Volunteers were called for at the Camp and the response was ready and whole hearted. In the book shop there seemed to be four or five booksellers for every book. The voluntary police force was not quite one hundred per cent. The Philistines had to be kept out and that was a thankless job even in Palestine. In the Star Camp it called for firmness and tact. A little authority, like a little learning, is a

dangerous thing. There was too much firmness and not enough tact. These Philistines were all prospective Star campers. Next year we must have a tent at the gate with guides, and literature, and lecturers.

The little rift in the lute was like a false note in music or the dropping of a stitch in the knitting of a sock. The harmony was so perfect that it became noticeable out of all proportion to its importance.

## II

The soul of the Camp was Krishnaji. He was the center around which everybody and everything revolved. The music, the plays, the food, the fellowship were all good, very good, but we were not there because of these things. We had traveled long distances through barren moors and arid deserts of theological and philosophical speculation. We were weary and tired of following trails that led nowhere. I had traveled a long distance, served many churches, sampled many creeds, and worshipped at many shrines. When I came to Ojai a few weeks ago and met Krishnamurti I was quite convinced that he was the Messenger of the Age. Before I had spent five minutes in his company, Emerson's famous aphorism came to me. "What you *are* speaks so loudly, I cannot hear what you *say*."

Here was a personality humanly divine and divinely human. In conversation his face glows with divine light. His words are soft and musical but they are winged. In public address his gestures are few. In private conversation his hands talk. In his presence one becomes conscious of a multiplicity of moods. All the notes on the gamut of personality are touched. He is the essence of courtesy. He has an engaging smile. His tongue is tipped with ineffable tenderness yet when the sufferings of great masses of people are mentioned, one sees fire in his eyes. He has a sense of humor. His laughter is spontaneous and hearty. He plays golf and tennis. When this spirit was sent forth out of the heart of the eternal, the divine Architects designed for it a beautiful temple. He is small of stature but handsome. His person and costume are clean, fine and pure. Everything about him is beautiful and suggests beauty. His dignity is of a princely character, but he is as democratic as a ditch digger. He loves little



children and takes groups of them off under the trees by themselves to tell them stories. When not on the platform he mingles with the crowd in ease and naturalness.

Judged by Plato's definition of rhetoric, Krishnaji is not a rhetorician. None of the great World-Teachers were. Rhetoric is more the arrangement of words. The World-Teachers have always been and always must be, more concerned with the arrangement of thought. Listening to Krishnaji one gets more than words. He persuades, convinces, and inspires not wholly by what he says but by what he is. His thought is dressed in graceful speech, nevertheless, and his English is charming.

While speaking he hardly moves. He stands erect. He has one gesture and that is more expressive than graceful. He raises his right hand on a level with, and only about six inches from, his nose, the forefinger pointing straight upward and there he holds it for the duration of a single sentence.

The quintessential thing about all oratory, all rhetoric, is the power of persuasion. This he has in a divinely eminent degree. After listening to him we go away to rethink his thoughts and aspire to be what he is. As I listened to him day after day I could not avoid comparing him with the great orators of the Christian religion whom I had met during the past forty years. He is as different from any of them as the Star Camp was to a Republican barbeque. Every speech is a tapestry of images. He is rich in hyperbole, simile and metaphor. "The snow-capped mountains." "As the bird flies in the blue sky, the shimmer of light on its wings." "As the voice of thunder is thrown from mountain to mountain." "The little insect that disturbs the surface of the water." Flowers, trees, rivers, forests, the sun, moon, and stars are all woven into the texture of thought. When he describes the nature of love, the value of emotion, the place of feeling, the necessity of culture, the power of sacrifice, and the joy of attainment his imagery is still more fascinating, more illuminating, and more inspiring.

"You cannot be the Buddha or the Christ, but you can all have the same dreams, the longings, the desires, the as-

pirations." "Emotions are like weeds, unless you control them, they will spoil your garden." "Who wants to worship by the light of a candle when we can have the light of the sun?" His prose, poetry and addresses are all interwoven with a beautiful imagery.

The nightly Camp-Fire talks were emotional, mystical, and weird. A huge wood-pile stood ready for the torch. The crowd sat around it. There was silence, then music. Then Krishnaji took a blazing fagot and set the pile ablaze. As the flames leaped higher and higher, he stood near by, clad in native Hindu costume and chanted in his native language, a Vedic hymn.

He warned us the first night, that this must not be considered ritual. He told a funny story to enforce his warning. To me, the name attached to the performance was of no importance. It evoked in all of us deep feelings of awe, reverence, and devotion. In the morning we looked at him and listened to his message. At the Camp-Fire we were led to look into our own souls.

### III

"A new commandment I bring unto you, that ye love one another." Whatever Christians have done or have not done with the other ten, they have discarded this one with conspicuous zeal. *The larger wars between Catholics and Protestants, Modernists and Fundamentalists are mere skirmishes compared to the envy, jealousy, hatred, malice, backbiting, and slander that goes on in all churches, big and little, orthodox, liberal and conservative. Christ has not failed; Christianity has failed, conspicuously.*

To a world surfeited with warring creeds, tired of spiritual cowardice, and overwhelmed with materialism, Krishnamurti's message comes with a peculiar freshness. It is comprehended in a phrase; "The Kingdom of Happiness."

That he has attained to that Kingdom becomes apparent to all who hear him. As we listen, the question uppermost in every mind is, how can we attain?

"It takes time. To understand the truth you must train your will, you must use your mind. You must learn to sacrifice



yourself, your predilections, your prejudices, your narrow selfish affections, your worldly bonds in order to walk along this path that leads to happiness." He will not be a crutch for weak souls to lean upon. We are thrown back upon ourselves. *He wants no followers, no disciples, no sect, no ritual.* The human soul is in its own right divine. The foundations of the inner Kingdom are already laid. We are to build on them a superstructure. We must clear away the debris, we must be in revolt against all that hinders our self realization, we must liberate ourselves from all entanglements, physical, moral, and spiritual. We must be free to grow, to expand, to feel, to strive. And as we eliminate one hindrance after another, as we free ourselves from one convention after another, the structure of the inner Kingdom arises and we begin to know what real and lasting happiness means. It is so simple that a child can understand it.

That the Teacher evokes opposition is not strange. All World-Teachers have suffered opposition, persecution and even death. Civilization has laid a restraining hand upon the churches. The power of

life and death is no longer within their discretion. The new world message will have freedom of expression. The physical personality of the Teacher has its limitations; but as Dr. Besant pointed out some years ago the process of spreading the truth is: One on the mountain top gives it to three, these give it to twelve on the brow, and the twelve go down into the valley and give it to the multitude. Sometimes the One comes into the Valley Himself.

In the Bowl in Los Angeles, I heard Krishnaji deliver his message to a crowd of sixteen thousand. He did it with the same ease, self-command and power that he never fails to manifest to the groups under the trees at the Camp.

To me Krishnamurti's message is something more than a revelation, it is a revolution. It has potency to turn the world upside down.

(Dr. Irvine is a distinguished author and international journalist. Perhaps his most appreciated books are *The Life of Christ*, and *My Lady of the Chimney Corner*. Ed.)

## Krishnamurti in Camp

By BEATRICE IRWIN

Sunset among the ancient oaks  
 But sunrise in our hearts!  
 He bids us cast the outworn cloaks  
 And seek renewing arts,  
 Born of the fearless God within  
 Whose torch is freedom's flame,  
 Burning only with love of light  
 Stainless of creed or name!



# Some Impressions of the Ojai Camp

By PARTHE



LONG train steamed wearily into the tranquil little Valley. At the station motors and busses waited in numbers. Pilgrims from far and wide descended and sped away.

Near by a colorful city of tents lay stretched out in a broad meadow. The little city was teeming with life. People were registering and finding their tents. Baggage was being properly deposited. Helpers were taking their places—as police, as workers in kitchen, cafeteria and elsewhere. The dining tents were filling with friends greeting friends. Acres of motors were parking—everywhere there was life and activity, for the first day of the Ojai Star Camp had come. And some said there were a thousand present.

Looking out from the Camp one could but exclaim, "What a setting!" Everywhere mountains, whether to the North, East or West, making a majestic barrier all round the Valley. And again, "What a setting!"—sunshine, mountain, valley, tree, shrub, fruit, flower—a wealth of these and more.

Let us catch a glimpse of a camp day. It is the early hour of seven. People are gathering under the wide-spreading oaks. All are silent. Someone appears and reads. Meditation follows. Fifteen minutes, and then the gathering dissolves. A little later, breakfast. At ten thirty we find ourselves re-convened, listening to the morning lecture. Later luncheon, and a little rest. At three, the afternoon meetings and lectures. Comes dinner, (and delicious were the meals the cafeteria served) and again a little rest.

Sunset. And soon the pilgrims could be seen wending their way slowly up the lantern-lit path which winds upwards among the great oaks of the ridge. At the top, where there was a clearing for the Camp-Fire, one caught the dim outlines of this most lovely Valley feebly lighted by the lingering rays of a departed sunset—

a view that by day is truly fine.

It was here on the gentle rise of ground that the pilgrims sat, night after night, watching the curling flames of the great Camp-Fire as they leapt eagerly toward the stars, and listening to him who spoke—not by book, or chapter, or page, but by knowledge of life itself—spoke as one having authority.

It would be difficult to give anything but an inadequate expression of the impressions one received at the Camp-Fire and on other occasions when Krishnaji addressed us during this unforgettable week. His word has been written; many may read it. Some will fail to understand; others will dispute about it; and still others will endeavor to crystallize it into some definite form.

But one thing is very apparent. Krishnaji has brought a new view of life. This view gives the hope to many that there is a possibility of joy and happiness which they have never felt before. He speaks with a "mysterious authority" which seems to come from far beyond this plane of darkness. And what he says contains a ring of truth so convincing that one feels immediately convinced. He has brought strength and confidence to many. He has brought also a challenge to much that one had thought was real in life, and this has caused a readjustment of viewpoints and a new appraisal of values.

Upsetting? Yes, in the sense that it would be upsetting if a traveller, having forgotten his goal in the temporary amusements of the wayside, were to be reminded of his goal. Krishnaji is as one who has found a procession of pilgrims playing with minor things by the roadside. He calls to them to arise, and get on with the journey, else how should they reach the goal for which they had set out?

There was, to me, one thing about which there could seem to be no dispute, over which there could be no wrangling, or misunderstanding, and that was the wonder-



ful atmosphere created by Krishnaji's presence, and the uplifting effect it seemed to have on many who were sensitive enough to respond to it. Often while he was speaking I seemed unmindful of his words, but revelled in the delight of being in the presence of the speaker himself.

But about all these things one hesitates to express himself, for one's impressions of Krishnaji and his message do not seem to lend themselves easily to expression. One would far rather cherish them unspoken. So I feel that I understand the young lady whose reply to a question was,

"Yes, I have received impressions, but I do not feel much like talking about them." Then she added: "Before the Camp I had no definite views as to Krishnaji, but now I know he is the Teacher."

That, I believe, expressed the essence of what the Camp has meant, not to one person alone, but to practically all who attended—"I know now he is the Teacher."

Nearly one thousand people have returned to their homes and "know now he is the Teacher." Could the success of the Camp have been greater?

## From the Center of Life

By HERBERT RADCLIFFE

From the physical point of view perhaps the most dramatic feature of the Ojai Camp was the lighting of the fire each night by Krishnaji. Clad in quaint oriental costume, coming forth from the darkness with a lighted torch in his hand, touching the fire to the huge pile, and standing there for a few moments, chanting, his ascetic face and figure silhouetted against the leaping flames on the one side and against the blackness of the night on the other, he made a dramatic and almost eerie picture. But his talk which followed was of his own choosing; while he was dynamic, the audience was receptive, and the evening which commenced with the dramatic picture faded out into a meditative insouciance which left the people rather passive and contemplative.

But from the emotional and mental points of view of the Camp the most dramatic incidents were the question and answer meetings held on several mornings. The scene was the oak grove. Krishnaji alone occupied the small platform. The large audience sat in oriental fashion on the ground. Krishnaji held in his hand a sheaf of papers on which were written the questions which the campers had submitted in response to his invitation. Hundreds of questions had come in. They covered the widest possible range of inter-

ests—so wide indeed that probably not a single person there was untouched by them, and most of the people found in those questions, as Krishnaji read them, the difficulties in their own hearts and minds for which they sought a solution.

These questions might be said to be the reason for their presence at the Camp. For, after all, the thousand people were there, they had come from all parts of the world, because they sought something. Sought what? If each expressed it there might be a thousand different replies, but synthesized in a phrase could it not be called the quest for a better understanding of life? And in Krishnaji they thought they recognized one who had attained the goal which they were seeking.

The path leading to that goal—was not he able to describe it? The problems, the doubts, in their hearts and minds, holding them back from perfect happiness, would he not solve them, resolve them? And so, as one question followed yet another, as the answers fell from his lips, his body sometimes quiet, sometimes immobile, and hands sometimes vigorously gesticulating, the emotional and mental turbulence of his hearers grew apace. The people leaned forward eagerly when some question touched a point close to their interest, listened intently to his answer, and



then, according to the nature of that answer, either relaxed a little in its mental absorption or grew a little more tense if they found it a little difficult to grasp. Oftentimes his answers caused a doubt, ruffled a feeling, stirred the emotions and thoughts into turbulence if, as constantly happened, he overthrew a hitherto firmly fixed belief in their minds. Now and again there would be a short nervous titter as an odd question evoked an equally odd answer with a humorous touch.

Occasionally a very abstract question of only vague general interest would come, yet Krishnaji seeking to use it to drive home some particular truth would pause and say, "Are you asleep, or are you thinking with me?" Again the interest would grow tense, the anxious mental attitude be resumed as he emphasized some vital point touching the very quick of love and life itself.

The momentary let-down only heightened the atmosphere of nervous tension and expectancy. Emotions and mentality alike were acquiver with the shafts of wisdom and of life that Krishnaji loosed upon the throng. No quiescence here. Satisfaction, restlessness, happiness, sadness, excitement, peace, alternated with the questions and the answers. In contrast to the nightly Camp-Fire talks the people were not merely receptive, they were challenging, questioning, weighing, doubting, believing, introspecting, agreeing, revolting, and the fire of Truth, intensified by his greater flame, glowed brighter and brighter as the meeting wore on.

And how many different types and temperaments were represented in that eager gathering? From the metaphysical heights of the erudite author who had written a profound treatise on the subtleties of consciousness, but who yet followed every word of Krishnaji's with intent eagerness that he might discover more and more of the Truth, to the most commonplace of minds—various shades were there. How commonplace? Amusingly so, as an unwittingly overheard conversation one evening will illustrate. Said a woman: "The food here is so good that I have broken all my rules of diet and shall surely get stout." Replied her friend, "Perhaps, but

that isn't too much of a sacrifice to make for Krishnaji!"

Amongst these present were prominent officers of the Order of the Star, officials of the Theosophical Society, presiding ecclesiastics of the Liberal Catholic Church, high degree heads of the Co-Masonic Order, important officials of occult schools—a typical cross-section of people who were dissatisfied with their present conditions of knowledge and belief and who desired something different and better. They might not have admitted the desire before these question and answer meetings, but all the most obtuse must have recognized after those meetings that Krishnaji's point of view proved that all others were to some extent incomplete views of life, and that an understanding of his attitude and of him was necessary to a complete understanding of life.

It is probably not exaggerating to say that not a single question of the hundreds that were asked evoked exactly the answer that the querist expected. And the reason is simple. Krishnaji is a World-Teacher. No one else in that audience claimed to be such, no one else therefore could have that consciousness, that attitude, that solution of life's problems.

Moreover, as Krishnaji's answers proceeded, it became clear that though his mission as a World-Teacher has been proclaimed by others for many years, no one who proclaimed it, though doing so with undoubted sincerity and devotion, had been able to foresee exactly the method by which he would fulfill his own destiny. For Krishnaji's method is the very reverse of most other methods. He deals with the eternal center of life, rather than with its periphery, with what he calls the "technique" of life, the forms, beliefs, dogmas, shadows. He urges the individual not to rely on outer authority, but to be his own authority and to rely only on his own experiences for ascertaining the Truth of life. But as nearly everybody does depend on others for his beliefs and guidance, the questions reflected that point of view, and often Krishnaji's answers, because based on the centrality of life, as said before, were different from what the querist and most of the audience expected. He seemed almost to speak a different language, so



different was the meaning that he put into it—for it was a new meaning of life he was giving.

For example, many had read the published statement by Theosophical writers that the World-Teacher is a great spiritual being known in the orient as the Lord Maitreya. He is also known as the Christ, and it is said that it was He who overshadowed the personality of Jesus by entering his body and using it as a vehicle. Thus He founded the Christian religion. These writers have said that it is the Lord Maitreya who is now similarly overshadowing the personality and body of Krishnamurti. What does Krishnaji say about it?

Someone asked that direct question. It seemed almost impertinently personal, and the people felt shocked; all the more eagerly they listened as Krishnaji read it over aloud: "We have been told that the Lord Maitreya is using your body; are you speaking as the Lord Maitreya or as Krishnamurti?"

His reply was quiet, but it was penetrating: "You 'have been told.' Who told you? An authority. I say to you do not believe any authority, do not obey any authority, do not be a slave to any authority. It does not matter who the authority is, even if it be I. For if you obey anything except your own individual nature you are only building further barriers to your own understanding of life. You have been told I am the Lord Maitreya, but who do *you* say I am? That is the important thing for you. You ask whether I am the Lord Maitreya, or the Buddha, or Shri Krishna. I am all these and more, for I am life itself."

These may not be the exact words—for the official shorthand reporter's notes are barred except for the ultimate publication in book-form of these answers—but this is the essence of his reply. And there was a deep hush as the people pondered at the words. Here was an idea more profound than they had thought. No need for him to say here what he occasionally said at these meetings, "Do not agree with me, disagree violently with me if you like, but do not go to sleep; think, for if you do, you will see the truth of what I am saying." They were thinking now, they were alert indeed!

He who asked the next question must

have been thinking of biblical days, for he said, "Have you any disciples?" and Krishnaji answered, "I have no disciples."

"It does not matter who gives the Truth. If you worship the personality of Krishnamurti—if you give your affection to that being, you will suffer, because that being will pass away, while if you are disciples of the Truth, then you will become part of that Truth."

Another vexing question for many: "You said that World-Teachers come to free people from religions and not to found new ones. But recently we have been told to join a certain church because it was to build the future religion which you would found. Is that true, and is ceremonial worship a barrier or an aid to liberation?"

Again a hush over the assemblage. Many in it were members of this church, indeed some of its highest officials were here listening, anxiously listening for his reply. Said Krishnaji: "Who told you? Again, an authority. If I said 'Yes' in answer to this question, where would you be? In the same position as you are now, accepting a statement on authority, and authority is cut down like a tree. As to ceremonial, if it is a need, as it is for most people, and a mere momentary comfort, then it is a barrier. I say that churches and religions are unnecessary to happiness. If you would attain perfection which is beyond all experience, then you must put behind you all these barriers, all these unnecessary things. I am free, I have attained, and if you desire to be free and to attain you should not be blind followers of anything, any authority, any religion, any cult, any society, any dogma, any creed."

"Religion is the frozen thought of men. You cannot systematize thought—you will kill it when you try to. No Teacher ever comes to found a religion—He comes to free the people from the old ones. Men make dogmas and creeds and complicated philosophies out of what the Teacher says, and in a little time they have forgotten the simple Truth He taught and have founded another religion, and so He comes again and again."

Someone asked a question about initiation. Is initiation an inner experience of an individual or is it something to which he can be helped by someone from outside?



And Krishnaji replied: "If initiation means a greater understanding, then anyone can help you to it. But do not attach such importance to labels, for they do not matter. You may call yourself what you please, but if you have not an understanding of life then labels will not save you from sorrow."

Came a question more broadly intellectual: "How do you reconcile your teachings with the ancient Hindu teachings?"

"I do not reconcile them. Why should I? If you always look back and judge from the past, from the traditional point of view, instead of from the true understanding of life itself, you will never be able to reconcile them. You must pass through every phase of experience to attain the Kingdom of Happiness, and experience is not based on authority and is not bound by traditions, by churches, by dogmas of any kind. For these bind and warp life, and life must be free in order to attain perfection."

Someone asks, "Should we follow the instructions in your little book *At the Feet of the Master?*" He smiles: "If you want to; but again, don't make a dogma of it. There are people who need not read books, they get their understanding of life by contact with Nature. But if any book helps you, why not read it?"

The variety of questions seemed infinite. They sought his views on companionate

marriage, on divorce, on the value of sports and games, on friendship, on industrial problems, on politics, on the training of children, the use of suffering, the value of book knowledge; and we shall rejoice when they are published in book form later.

So many questions, so varied their themes, so wide their range, so profound the emotional and mental reactions of the auditors. No prepared drama ever compared with this, for this was the drama of life itself in which everyone shared. Not a person left untouched by the creative fire of Truth loosed from the aura of Krishnaji, not a person but thought differently, felt differently, was a different congeries of ideas and beliefs at the end of the meeting than at the beginning.

The meeting was over. The people sat for some moments tense, keyed up, unwilling to go. For they were not merely receptive, quiescent as at the evening Camp-Fire talks. They were aroused, mentally eruptive, emotionally turbulent, dynamic, recreating their view of their own kaleidoscope of life through the larger focus which Krishnaji had helped them to create.

And when they finally left, by ones and twos, it was with the awedness of having been in the presence of the center of *life* itself.

## The Master Musician

To Krishnaji

F. F.

I hear the strains of a Music Divine  
That touches my soul in its innermost  
shrine;  
The Melody Perfect, the Great Song of Life  
That rings through my being amidst all  
earth's strife;  
That gives understanding, that tells of new  
joys  
As yet undiscovered 'mid the clamor and

noise.  
Whence come the divine strains that thus  
thrill my soul,  
That illumine the way, that make clear the  
goal?  
'Tis the Master Musician, the Singer  
Divine  
The Artist whose Lyre is the Heart of  
Mankind!



# The Melting Pot

(*Impressions of the Camp*)

By MARIE RUSSAK HOTCHENER

Stirring images awaken when one's thoughts turn to the recent Camp at Ojai, for the days were full of realities and never-to-be-forgotten experiences.

The most vivid pictures that arise in the mind are those of Krishnaji, both at the daytime meetings and at the evening Camp-Fires. At the former, he stood on a small, *square* platform beneath a *triangle* of fine old, spreading trees in Oak Grove. If the square and triangle were suggestive of the Tetractys of Pythagoras to any in the throng of his hearers who were lovers of symbols, they were destined, if they placed too much reliance on their theories, to receive a mental jolt—to receive it, as many other theorists did, from the dynamic human center on the platform.

All eyes and ears were turned to Krishnaji who stood there, addressing the large number of members at his feet, his delicate, ascetic face and figure vibrant with life. He stood there, a power for the sake of Truth; unabashed he faced his hearers, many of them versed in philosophies, sciences, religions; many of them twice his age. Among them were lecturers, writers, physicians, executives, publicists, editors, teachers, heads of important organizations; there were the very wealthy and the very poor. They seemed contented, happy, and expectant—at first.

I do not think that many of them had realized the true reason that impelled them to go to the Camp. Did they go, simply to see, hear, and be with Krishnaji? Or did the need of their souls urge them on, unconsciously?

Whether aware of it or not, each one usually seeks what he needs—mostly without realizing in the least the urge of evolution that is forcing him into new experiences. Experience is the purpose of life, and that purpose must be fulfilled. An individual is ever being purposed! Evolution is often a sly elf who seeks to accomplish his purposing through one's desires.

What one desires, what one seeks depends upon the soul's age. Each person possesses a definite, specific gravity of unfoldment. His desires weigh him in evolutionary balances and, unfailingly, urge him to seek the thing that is the very next, necessary stage in his progress—the potential necessity seeking to make itself actual.

Krishnaji was the chosen instrument to make actual the potential truths in the minds of those who went to the Camp; this is the real reason why they attended. He was the great necessity of the next stage of their soul's progress. The theories and beliefs of many were encased in inflexible molds; and their greatest need was a mental upheaval of sufficient force to free them from their misconceptions.

And this upheaval, this freeing, they received, both at the Camp and at the pre-Camp meetings, for Krishnaji was not there to give approval to theories, dogmas, religions, ceremonies or other "limiting forms." The existing order was not at all satisfactory to his ultimate, cosmic understanding of truth. His point of view was so different from conventional standards, from ordinary criterions of spiritual measurement and judgment, as to be positively disconcerting, bewildering, and shattering in the extreme. With his weapon of Truth he broke to bits, as it were, the old thought-molds of his hearers and cast them into the melting-pot of his Camp-Fire.

The first day or two of the Camp passed away quietly enough; arrivals, registrations, allotment of tents, visits, reunions, the delightful concerts, and the fine addresses at the informal and the formal opening of the Camp, these fully occupied the attention of the visitors, and gave no hint of the radical changes that were soon to take place in many hearts and minds.

Krishnaji said at his first meetings: "I am burning with the desire to give you such an understanding of life that you will rid yourselves of all your jargons, your



systems, all your philosophies—such an understanding that you will put a mirror before you so that you will see yourselves as you are. To discover yourselves, to strengthen yourselves is all that matters, not your dogmas, your creeds, and your philosophies. I have come to free you; come out of the shadows into the light."

And as the days passed, and he began his work of the Camp, a change was noticeable in his hearers. He certainly was making powerful attempts to set them free from themselves—from the shadows. Many countenances that previously had been placid and untroubled and had expressed self-satisfaction began to change. They now appeared seriously reflective, even frowning, troubled. Under distant trees were solitary figures, thinking, pondering. Here and there were heated discussions. What was the matter?

Physically, all was beautiful, Nature smiled and there was great perfection in the material arrangement of the Camp.

Emotionally, all was joyous, harmonious, and comradely.

Mentally, that was other. There was an upheaval, indeed. Krishnaji's teachings were not only breaking up the old molds, but were also acting like a fresh, powerful leaven cast into stale concoctions from bygone recipes. It fermented rapidly, continually, and refused to become quiescent. It bubbled, boiled, seethed in strange admixtures of theory-laden mindstuff. It brought to the surface even the deepest convictions of conscience, morality, and belief that had long been motivating forces in daily conduct, and finally burst the limiting containers of those convictions into bits.

Many persons present had thought that these same, old theories, beliefs, and standards were necessary as a secure and accurate foundation for the structure of daily conduct. They believed them permanent, dependable—great, unchanging elements of daily experiences.

Now, everything appeared different. Alas for the cherished beliefs! Alas for "mental cages!" Convictions of a lifetime were freed for examination, and many things were shown to be unnecessary. Even a belief in death was routed. "There is no death."

Where, then, could one find new convic-

tions? There were, beside this upheaval, deep feelings of emptiness, alone-ness. Those who were emotionally led were not upset; most of the mentally-led were greatly perplexed, for they were trying to reconcile Krishnaji's statements with their own pet theories and beliefs. He said that it *simply could not be done*, as they were considering Truth from the form aspect, and not from that of the life.

At the meetings the questions put to Krishnaji displayed the disquietude in groping, seeking-to-understand minds. And as evenings came, and faces turned towards the Camp-Fire ground, and eager feet climbed up the hill, the mental weapons weighed very heavily on those who were battling to protect from annihilation the cherished beliefs of the past from the overpowering hosts of future verities.

There, seated around the pyramid of fagots made ready for the Camp-Fire, in the silence of descending night, under the distant stars, when all of these serious thinkers were massed together waiting for Krishnaji to come, they seemed vaguely at first to realize that, after all, theories, dogmas, beliefs, and words were only limiting forms that illy clothed the life—the Truth.

Then Krishnaji arrived, lighted the fire, chanted his soul's song, and spoke his Message. Each evening it seemed as though he grasped the fragments of the mental-molds that had been shattered during the day, and cast them into the melting-pot of his Camp-Fire, and by power and wisdom transmuted the obsolete, dead forms into the life.

(The flames leapt high as though glorying in their work of destruction—destruction of what had been so limiting.)

Reaching deep into the eternal heart of Truth, Krishnaji spoke; and his reasoning soothed and illumined the darkened minds even as the glow of the fire dispersed the shadows of the night. He told his hearers that he was glad that they were upset for, if they were seriously upset, it showed that they were thinking with him, and were not asleep.

The essence of what he specially emphasized both at the Camp-Fire, and at other times, may be summed up in his own words:

"My whole point has been to show that



a person in whom there is satisfaction and contentment without true understanding, whose happiness depends on outward authority, on dogmas, on creeds, and on religions, that person is not truly happy, and he is just deceiving himself. . . . You are disturbed because the authority on which you have leant so far crashes, and you say, 'That is not what I want; I want comfort, I want to be bolstered up in my weakness, I want my innumerable crutches to help me climb.'

"You want to attain without a struggle—a spiritual drugstore is what most people are looking for—antidotes for fears; that is why you look for external help to uphold you. You are afraid to face whatever weakness is yours—to face yourself and conquer."

"Be a lamp unto yourselves and then you will not cast a shadow across the path of another. And to create the lamp that shall cast no shadow lies within yourself. . . . You are all so prejudiced, either in favor of me, or against me. I would have neither.

"If you put aside your prejudice, your traditions, your book knowledge, your narrow beliefs and come out into the open spaces, then we shall understand each other."

But what Krishnaji said was only a fraction of the spiritual afflatus of the man. His words, even though they were the very essence of Truth, seemed but the echoes of great cosmic verities that came thundering through unfathomable distances of world-spaces. The very air was made

vibrant with the power and kinship of the life in all things; the sky, the stars, the mountains, the valley, the trees, the flowers—all were made vocal in the love, compassion, and the wisdom that flowed from him into minds, startled, bewildered, yet reaching out to him, yearning to understand the Truth.

As day succeeded day at the Camp, there was less and less dross for the melting-pot, because those present began to understand more of the Truth with which Krishnaji was impressing them. They realized more fully than ever that what had been shattered was only the impermanent mold or form of what they had belived, but that the permanent *life element* of the past, present, and future is the most vital part of Truth. That what they had formerly known had not become worthless or lost; the *fundamental principles* were all to be saved from the molten content of the crucible—saved and reclothed in a harmonious understanding of life's experiences.

This realization brought peace to many minds and hearts. They were thrilled by a new comprehension of the Truth, and a new purpose in life. The real purpose of their presence at Camp had been fulfilled.

As Krishnaji said good-bye to them on the last evening at the Camp-Fire, they clasped to their souls these vital, life-elements, touched the hem of His garments through feelings of love and gratitude, and silently slipped away—down the gentle slopes of the hill, through the sweet-smelling valley, on beyond the sheltering mountains, away to their near and far-distant homes.





# The Light of Asia

(Ojai Star Camp)

By HELEN R. CRANE

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHORUS, Raconteur, A Buddhist	
Student .....	<i>John Warren</i>
A NATURE SPIRIT .....	<i>Frances Pole</i>
ATTENDANT SYLPHS .....	<i>Genevieve Rupertus, Zorah Leavitt, and Mary Lou Gerard</i>
PRINCE SIDDARTHA .....	<i>Reginald Pole</i>
YASODHARA, his wife .....	<i>Beatrice Wood</i>
CHANNA, his attendant .....	<i>Forrest Barnes</i>
AN OLD MAN .....	<i>Joseph Armitage</i>
THREE HERMITS .....	<i>Robert White, John Finch, W. F. Newman</i>
KISAGOTAMI .....	<i>Leslyn Macdonald</i>
COMPANION .....	<i>Evelyn Clarke</i>
RADHA .....	<i>Avis Johnson</i>
MAIDEN .....	<i>Pauline Hofman</i>
SUJATA .....	<i>Eleanor Phillips</i>

★ ★ ★

The theater is the home of illusion. It is a world of make-believe that becomes real under the magic of soft colored lights, scenery, music, and make-up. The man of the audience, sitting out in front, is part of his own vital world of familiar events. He is surrounded by talking, laughing people who all fit into his everyday life. Suddenly the lights go out and his world becomes dark and silent. A curtain rises before him and as by a miracle he finds himself in another, unfamiliar world.

Things are after that fashion in the regular theaters; but the artists who put on an adaptation of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" at the Star Camp found themselves, from the beginning of the project, burdened with the problems which arise when the conditions of an out-door theater lend themselves to no illusion. The audience was seated upon the hillside, bathed in the same sunlight that was spattering through the leaves onto the stage, and there could not even be a curtain—that one desirable feature of illusion-making between worlds. The fact was that this little company could depend upon no

"props" whatsoever to transport the audience into their world of make-believe.

Most happily, the ability of artistry to overcome handicaps was demonstrated by Mr. Reginald Pole who, assisted by Miss Beatrice Wood, put on the play. Every slightest detail of the work was thought out, not from the viewpoint of ordinary theatrical productions, but with the one idea of meeting the particular, unusual demands presented at this time.

The stage was a small clearing between the trees and facing the hillside where the audience sat. At the rear, stood a massive oak, seeming to symbolize in its magnificent beauty, the growth and extent of the Buddha's enlightenment. On both sides of it and along the edges were smaller trees and bushes. Some of them had grown there and others were placed where they were needed, for a stage must be defined—it cannot reach off indefinitely into space. There was a couch made of earth and logs, and against the trees were some rough-hewn rustic seats.

Far away over the tops of the trees could be seen the blue Ojai mountains against the sunny sky—a background of exquisite beauty, and at the same time suggesting the eternal strength and power in the background of man's own drama of enlightenment.

The adaptation of the play, and the composition of the music which so beautifully wove the many scenes together, were the works of Mr. Pole who also played the role of the Buddha.

Yasodhara, the lovely young wife, was portrayed by Miss Wood with sweetness, understanding, and dignity. She was dressed in a crimson *sari* from India, and her jewels, in days long gone by, had flashed on the breast of a noble lady in that far-off land.

Who does not know the story of Gautama Siddhartha, a young Prince of India? How he renounced his throne, left the pal-



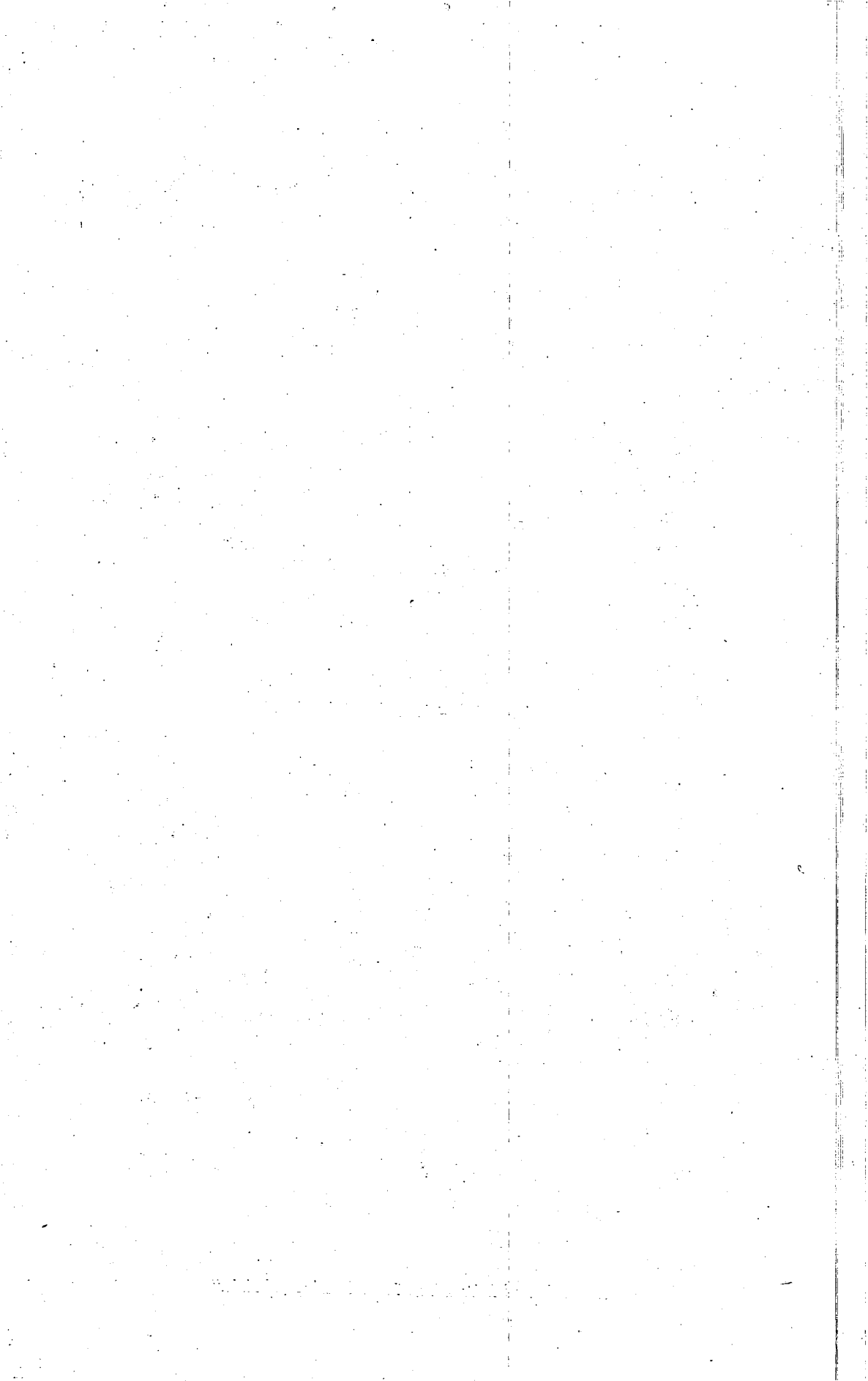


*Mr. Reginald Pole—In "The Light of Asia."*



*Mr. Pole and Miss Wood in "The Light of Asia."*







ace of his fathers, took unto himself the robe and bowl of a beggar, and walked the dusty highroads of that tired and suffering land in search of Truth, until the great day when he found enlightenment? How he then spent the rest of his life teaching others to find the same Truth for themselves?

In making his adaptation of "The Light of Asia," Mr. Pole selected scenes where the beauty of the speech was paramount, rather than where great action dominated. He did this, he said, because the limitations of his surroundings were more adapted to a play of still and quiet beauty, the lack of illusion-creating features not being so noticeable as they otherwise would be if more dramatic scenes were undertaken.

A prologue and an epilogue were spoken by a young man, after the fashion of the ancient Greek dramas. Concealed singers, whose weird chanting, accompanied by harps, was intended to represent the singing of Devas (and to indicate the passage of time), added greatly to the beauty of the play.

In the opening scene, Siddhartha and Yasodhara enter and he tells of his love for her. A deva is heard singing mysteriously:

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,  
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;

Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life  
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

Siddhartha interprets the song as a call to him for aid to understand life. At this moment some beggars who have eluded the vigilance of the palace guards crowd in upon him, seeking alms. It is the prince's first sight of suffering. Chana, his servant, dismisses them with money, and his master stands meditating upon what he has seen. His thoughts are rudely dispersed by the entrance of a dying man, moaning and screaming with pain. It is the prince's first knowledge of death.

(Siddhartha's father had never allowed him to learn of sorrow, suffering, or death. The pain of the world was unknown to him.)

Ever and anon, he hears the haunting voices of the deva song.

Yasodhara tells him of her three proph-

etic dreams: The first dream showed a white bull within the palace grounds. It bore,

" . . . upon his front a gem which shone  
As if some star had dropped to glitter there."

It went to the gates and out into the world in spite of all that was done to prevent its escape. The second dream was of,

" . . . Four Presences  
Splendid, with shining eyes, so beautiful  
They seemed the Regents of the Earth."

They came to the gates of the city and the flag of Indra fell, and in its place there rose a banner upon which were,

"Set forth new words and weighty sentences

Whose message made all living creatures glad."

The third dream foreshadowed plainly that she would be deserted by the prince, for on her bed,

" . . . there lay  
An unpressed pillow and an empty robe—  
Nothing of thee but those!

. . . .  
And once again that cry, 'The time is come!'

But with that cry—which shakes my spirit still—

I woke!"

At the end of the first act, Siddhartha resolves to seek the cause of all the anguish which had so suddenly been discovered to him.

" . . . and now I will depart,  
Never to come again till what I seek  
Be found—if fervent search and strife  
avail.

While life is good to give, I give, and go  
To seek deliverance and that unknown  
Light!

Now, if I conquer, lo! all earth is mine—  
Mine by chief service! Yea and mine by  
love!—

Since there is hope for man only in man,  
And none hath sought for this as I will  
seek,

Who cast away my world to save my  
world."

He departs, leaving his sleeping wife upon the couch. The devas awaken her and lead her off stage, as in a trance.

In the second act, Siddhartha is seen as a man with white hair, and clothed in the



yellow robe of a sannyasi. He is now the enlightened One. Several hermits who are practicing mortification of the flesh enter to the mournful chant of their leader, and the Buddha speaks to them.

Buddha:

"Wherefore add ye ills to life

Which is so evil?"

First hermit:

" 'Tis written if a man shall mortify

His flesh, till pain be grown the life he  
lives

And death voluptuous rest, such woes  
shall purge

Sin's dross away, and the soul, purified,  
Soar from the furnace of its sorrow,  
winged

For glorious spheres and splendor past all  
thought."

Buddha:

"After their many pains, with saints in  
bliss,

May not the pain and toil begin again?"

First hermit:

"It may begin! Alas, we know not this!  
We stake brief agonies in games with  
Gods

To gain the larger joys."

Buddha:

"Yet, if they last a myriad years, they fade  
at length,

Those joys. Speak! Do your Gods endure  
Forever, brothers?"

First hermit:

"Nay, only great Brahm endures; our Gods  
but live!"

Buddha:

"Will ye, for love of soul, so loathe your  
flesh,

So scourge and maim it, that it shall not  
serve

To bear the spirit on, searching for home,  
Dismantle and dismember this fair house,  
Whose windows give us light—that little  
light—

Whereby we gaze abroad to look for  
dawn?"

First hermit:

"We have chosen this for road

And tread it, Rajaputra, till the close—

Speak, if thou know'st a way more ex-  
cellent;

If not, Peace go with thee!"

(They go on their way.)

After the departure of the hermits the famous scene is given of the woman whose child had died. At his request she has sought everywhere for mustard seed from a house wherein no one has died, and failing to find it has returned to tell the Holy One of her despair. He sends her away in the arms of her friends to learn the lesson that death is part of each man's sorrow in the world. And then some women wander in. They pick flowers and when they behold him they think he is the wood-god. One of them offers him a sacrifice of rice and curds. He blesses her and she withdraws.

The Holy One now seats Himself under the great tree and meditates. Who does not remember those wonderful words from the "Light of Asia," spoken by the Buddha after his enlightenment:

" . . . and lifting high his voice  
Spake this, . . .

"Many a house of life

Hath held me—seeking ever Him who  
wrought

These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught;  
Sore was my ceaseless strife!

"But now,

Thou Builder of this tabernacle—Thou

I know Thee! Never shalt Thou build  
again

These walls of pain,

Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay  
Fresh rafters on the clay;

Broken Thy house is, and the ridge-pole  
split!

Delusion fashioned it!

Safe pass I thence—deliverance to obtain."

When the Buddha left the stage, the last rays of the setting sun, as though in appreciation of the occasion, made their way through the trees and fell upon His head, lighting only Him and leaving all else in the shadows.

It was a fitting end of the play.



# Post Impressions of the Camp

By DONNA PREBLE

Now that we are back again in our former environment after the week of Camp there are certain realizations forced upon us. We, ourselves, are different; something wonderful has happened to us. We have, as it were, broken down barriers, entered an inner sanctuary, and brought its incense away with us. But now the same old conditions are about us and those who did not go to the Camp, who know nothing about what happened there, are as before; there has been no change. They know nothing about that oneness we feel with them. How can we give them what Krishnaji gave us? And when we thus question, on the wings of memory comes Krishnaji's answer.

"The kind of propaganda that forces its opinions down another's throat I am against. But that kind of propaganda that lives what it believes is the only kind I am for. Oh, how I wish that I could remove that hypocrisy of those who preach and do not practice what they believe!"

We must live, then. Live in every thought and act the realization of that oneness. The bird who flies must use his wings and the breath of life must be breathed again and again if life be ours.

And then come the problems. We have the realization and the gladness of the thought. "Now," says Environment, "apply it!"

When in the thick of the turmoil of the throbbing city-life we struggle to keep that precious something that gives us calmness, back comes the memory of Ojai. Nature in all her beauty and reality is about us once more and we realize the innate wisdom of the man who drew us all away from the city's chaotic distractions to be among the trees and the hills, and to tell us to look about and see the harmony and joy of life in nature's expression. The very contrast of city and valley brings another realization—it is man's expression, and not nature's, that has inharmony. We

are thinking now, and his words come clear and with fuller meaning.

"I am glad that I have made you think," he said. . . . "I have no disciples. I have no followers. Nor do I want them. If you follow me and use me as an authority you are not finding the Truth for yourself and it cannot be yours until you find it for yourself. . . . I want you to *think*."

And we must continue to think if we would keep the spirit of the Camp in active functioning.

The personal memories of Camp bring always the glad feeling of friendship that coöperation in purpose brings to all who work together. Does it not seem right that strangers from all over the world could meet each other with a smile of welcome and of friendliness and make the ideal of International Brotherhood a reality? We have talked much about Brotherhood but have not known the full meaning of it, such as was glimpsed more fully during Camp days than during all the previous years of association in different organizations. Perhaps it was because there were so many there together at the Camp, all eager for the Truth.

There were so many glad things that happened; and there were funny things too. The man who came from afar to tell Krishnaji that he had made a mistake about his identity and that he, the man, was Jesus Christ, not Krishnaji, had his equal in another one who came to the gates asking for admittance. This one announced himself as Judas and insisted that he had a right to see Jesus Christ and square himself with him. This bit of humor brought pity with it.

The laugh of the lips is not always a laugh from the heart, for the ideas that encage these men are hard indeed to set free. Pity ever mingles itself with our own gladness like the shadows that flickered under the oaks. I can still see that mass of faces eagerly upturned towards Krishnaji, yearningly eager for Truth and



Light. It brought a lump to my throat, pity for their mental struggles, and gladness in my heart that they wished so to struggle for Truth.

"The Truth is there within yourselves," he said, "find it." And the illumination that came into some faces was no greater than the bewilderment upon others. But nowhere did one see smug satisfaction, that enemy to Truth. On the contrary, all were thinking, trying to understand that one life he pointed out; and egotism and vanity flee before the humbleness of oneness.

Toward the last of the week I became curious and asked a friend how all this revelation as to the unnecessary of church, and creed, and ceremony affected her attitude toward her church. She answered, "Oh, not at all! I see more than ever the truth and beauty back of the church." But when I met her the other day, she said that she had resigned from her church, since she felt the need of developing without restriction and in her own way. She had "come out of her cage." I know that many, many more are coming out of their cages of creeds and dogmas and are using their wings.

One of the most vivid impressions of the whole Camp week, and one that I shall always keep, was the remarkable change

that took place in the attitude of the Press reporters after their interviews with Krishnaji. They came like any other outsider, curious, but prepared to be bored. They asked the necessary, usual questions. They were escorted about the Camp, listened to one or two talks by Krishnaji in the open air, and most of them met him personally. When a man's soul comes into his eyes there is no mistaking it, and nearly every reporter that left the Press Tent to return to his newspaper had his soul in his eyes. "I want to know more about all this," they said, "not only for the story I have to write, but for myself." They requested Krishnaji's books and photographs to keep for themselves.

Since the reporters were almost the only strangers in our midst, this effect upon them by interviews with Krishnaji is significant of the power and sincerity of his message. It speaks for itself from the lips of Krishnaji because he lives his message. If we would speak Truth and exemplify sincerity also we too must live them. And again come his words, "You are all so cruel to each other. Why cannot you have affection? Why are you not more kind?"

Aye, brother, let us be more kind, for back of kindness is love, and in love is oneness.

## The Happy Valley Excursion

By MURIEL LAUDER

"Is this where you 'sign up' for the Happy Valley Excursion?" was a frequent query of Star members who peered in through the khaki flaps of the Recreation tent at Star Camp. A cheerful "yes" from the clerk, and thus began, for many, a memorable trip to another valley of their dreams. There were members from all points in the United States, from Canada, from Mexico. There came groups from Central and South America—Cuba, Brazil, Uruguay, Columbia—a number who could speak no word of English; but what did it matter? They had come to their

mecca, the Camp, and were now about to see the land of the Manu, the Cradle of the New Race. With what reverence did our guests anticipate this tour, and how perfectly did nature repay their expectations!

Leaving Star Camp at 8:30 each morning, the line of excursion cars bound on their twenty-mile trip followed the road to the Ojai village, as the sun was routing the morning mist from the mountain tops. Through the oaks near the Camp they soon entered a perfect highway, driving through the picturesque Spanish town, Ojai, two miles away, thence through the country of



well-kept ranches—artistic homes of a wealthy and cultured class of nature lovers. Up the northern slopes of the Ojai Valley climbed the autos, passing through the tangles of sage and manzanita, along dry creeks, past orange groves and olive-lined roadways. Through the grounds of the Thacher School they drove, and then to the home of Krishnaji, Arya Vihara.

From five to ten minutes the excursionists were permitted to wander through the grounds, quietly enjoying the peace of this cherished spot. It was hard to induce the people to leave the place, and only the reminder that they would surely be late to the ten o'clock lecture at Camp if they tarried, caused them to proceed with the excursion. All aboard! and the party was off to the Happy Valley.

Speeding down the slopes again they met the highway and headed towards the Ojai's eastern bulwark, the mountains, with their tiers of blues and purples, and highest of them all, Topa Topa towering above. Up the grade and then that unforgettable vista, the Ojai Valley in all its beauty, spread below, yet that view was to be a

later treat; so the cars still climbed on through the chaparral and sage-covered hills until they reached the Upper Ojai beyond, with its level valley of orchards, alfalfa, and fields sprinkled with yellow mustard blooms and poppies.

"There—those rolling hills, those young pear and walnut trees, yes, that is all the Happy Valley land," said the guide. "The place is now leased to a very efficient rancher who takes splendid care of the property."

The cars stopped beneath some pepper trees. While cameras clicked, some of the excursionists commented on the near possibilities of the future colony's work, while others contemplated in silent awe. The view from the highest point in Happy Valley was even more magnificent than all the rest—Krishnaji's home, the village, the Camp, Krotona, the entire sweep of the Ojai Valley and mountains—Ojai, the nest.

The return—the descent was even as picturesque as the ascent, and there was added the wider vision of the Manu's ideals for the future of this, His land.

## The World Teacher

By LARS ERICKSON

In the valley of Ojai, men and women from many lands gathered to see and hear Krishnaji. Many of them have worked and saved for months in order to pay the necessary expense of this unique pilgrimage.

In the search for happiness, in the confusion of thoughts, we see how humanity struggles; how pain and sorrow, joy and pleasure forever keep the desire for permanent happiness alive, driving us to activities in many lines, ever trying to find the way to the goal. In the darkness of ignorance we seek economical and spiritual salvation. Experiences of many kinds lead us from one experiment to another to find, sooner or later, that our ways did not satisfy.

Is there any wonder then, that those who have struggled the longest and hard-

est should come to this beautiful, secluded valley to see and hear the World-Teacher, the One who has gone all the way, and who has found that for which all mankind is seeking; any wonder that these should overcome every obstacle to see and hear the one who is able by his own experience, to help, to teach, and point out the way by which he, himself reached the goal.

We came, we beheld and heard. The light and love burning within him did not disappoint. Never can we forget the visions; never forget the glory thereof. What we have seen and felt will inspire us for greater effort to qualify as helpers in his mission. And so the World-Teacher is again fulfilling his mission in the body of flesh. Again he has come that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly.



# Star Camp Festival and Playlet

*"The Maker of Dreams"*

By BEATRICE WOOD

## CAST

PIERRETTE.....*Eleanor Phillips*  
PIERROT .....*Forrest Barnes*  
THE MANUFACTURER.....*W. F. Newman*

## FOLK DANCING AND SONGS

A SINGER.....*Flora Field*  
A DANCER.....*Eleanor Phillips*  
ANOTHER DANCER.....*Evelyn Clarke*  
A MAN IN LOVE.....*Geoffrey Sutar*  
A YOUNG MAN.....*Grayson Rogers*  
A PIANIST.....*Sharon Kurvers*  
A VIOLINIST.....*Monica Ross*  
ANOTHER VIOLINIST.....*Alice Bonelli Green*  
A THIRD VIOLINIST.....*Helen Knothe*  
A GUITARIST.....*Robert Forbes*

## HAPPY YOUNG PEOPLE and SINGERS

Three young people were sitting on the lawn of a Californian University. They were discussing Star Camp, and an entertainment to be given under the trees.

One said: "We must find a play that is gay and that has parts for as many young people as possible."

Another: "Yes, let us have something that is full of happiness, in which there is dancing and singing."

The other, "That sounds like a pageant. They are expensive to produce and stupid if not well done."

The first: "Why not let us create something ourselves that is adaptable to the spirit of the Camp and the woods."

Both the others: "Oh, that would be fun!"

The first: "The glamor of Spain still pervades southern California, let us put on a Spanish Festival. We will give the people a sense of local atmosphere, and at the same time the idea lends itself to romance, sentiment, and rhythm."

From this conversation resulted the Festival. It included most of the young people of the camp. Those with dramatic talent were given solo songs and dances, and others too busy to come to all the rehearsals, formed a background, and their charming

young faces lent much to the unusual and beautiful picture which they made under the trees.

Overhead was the warm southern sky. Leaves formed a green pattern against the blue, and cast soft shadows on the actors and the audience, which was seated on a ground covered with new hay. The breeze rustled gently in the tree tops, singing birds flew from branch to branch.

Suddenly a gay Spanish melody broke into the air, young voices began to sing, lithe forms to move. Happy boys and girls arose and, meeting under the great oaks, grouped themselves in semicircle, informally on the stage. A gypsy maid in a red kerchief laughed at a tall lad in a dark Toreador costume. A girl in a brilliant shawl tossed her curly head towards a lad sitting by a tree, lazily strumming a guitar. Eyes sparkled, fingers snapped, little feet stamped, tambourines clapped.

A tall girl began a love song, a spell enveloped the audience. As her voice died, a vivacious girl in a corner threw a rose at a young man who was flirting with a fair senorita; the man threw the rose away scornfully; in order to win him, the girl began a Spanish dance. The actors watched her with delight, clapping their hands to the measure of the dance. As she won him away from her rival, they broke into applause, and in their excitement leaped to the center of the stage and executed an old folk dance. At the end, laughing and breathless, the lads clasped the maidens and took them back to their places; and then, from among the trees came a girl with a madonna face, who began a haunting tune on the violin. This was followed by a languorous tango and a quarrel of two men over a girl. A national dance from Mexico interrupted the excitement, and a quaint old folk-dance brought quiet. Then the clear penetrating tones of the soprano began a farewell song; the young voices blended in at the end. Bodies swayed to and fro to



the rhythm, and the couples, singing out their last lines to the audience, turned, and waving arms, walked back to the woods from which they had come.

★ ★ ★

The stage was no sooner cleared, than a girl appeared from behind a tree, danced to the middle of the platform, began warming her hands over an imaginary fire, and Oliphant Down's delightful fantasy "The Maker of Dreams" was started. Off in the fields sang the Pierrot; he came running and skipping, and with fantastic gesture leaped to the stage. It was a charming play, about the dreams from which love and the

delights of the imaginary world are made. Its quaint philosophy brought many a laugh from the audience.

Pierrot was in love with Pierrette but a tall girl with a string of great beads allured him away from his ideal woman. Pierrette, being a woman, recognized her dream when it was in her home and did not have to search for it outside herself. The Manufacturer of Dreams appeared to give a hint to Pierrot. At the end Pierrot awakened to the beauty of his true love, and with a kiss they made up, started for the great adventure, and hand in hand, raced off into the fields.

## The Star Camp Hospital

(Its Organization and Work)

By DR. A. ZUBER, *Medical Director, Star Camp*

December 1927 saw the beginning of advance preparations for the work of department ten, or the Medical Department of the 1928 Star Camp. Plans to care for emergencies which might arise among one thousand people had to be formulated, a hospital plot sketched, supplies solicited, the promise of service by nurses and physicians obtained.

The result of this effort was a department ready to give aid in all branches of the healing art. One might have a chiropractic treatment today and a prescription tomorrow, which we found, by the way was the desire of many patients. Humans do have some "individual uniquenesses!"

Our staff was a revolving one, each physician and nurse working in one-day shifts from seven in the morning until ten at night, thus practically allowing the remaining days of the Camp free for any pursuits which those off duty might care to resume. And yet, had we developed any serious problems requiring more nurses and physicians, they would have been available at a moment's notice, for each staff worker's tent number was filed in the hospital. Night calls were promptly answered

by the physician and nurse on duty in the hospital unit.

The hospital tent proper was a very busy place between meals and meetings, starting with eight professional calls the first day and swinging upward in an abrupt curve to forty-one on each of the fourth and fifth days, then gradually down again. While this service was entirely free, so many persons wished to compensate our workers that it was finally decided to accept any monies offered and place them directly in the hospital equipment fund for next year.

Not the least important of our undertakings was the maintenance of a field nurse who made field rounds each morning and occasionally in the evening, to see that all were as comfortable as tent life permits one to be. Aside from her nursing profession, she gradually became an information bureau, answering all sorts of questions from, "the source of our water supply," to "the amount of the registration fee for next year."

Occasional rumors regarding the hospital and its staff were quite the strangest. Some good people persistently insisted that our



Camp registration number had increased suddenly, and always during the night, by the stork's hasty contribution of an infant Star member. All our negations availed little, for we suspect these same worthy souls traveled away to their respective homes, fully convinced that they had been deceived, and further, that there was a great soul hidden somewhere in a tiny body whose identity we would not divulge!

But stranger still was the phantom woman who was always seen by some one, being carried here and there on a stretcher by four stalwart men. Members of the hospital staff never saw her, nor do they know to this day how or why this strange story originated. If such a woman and stretcher existed won't they please declare themselves?

Not the least of our problems was the work in connection with department three—the Sanitation Department—in trying to keep the Camp clean and safe as regards sanitation. Mr. Ray Goudey of Hollywood who is, by the way, Sanitary Engineer for the Southern Division of the State of California, and who headed department three, worked untiringly for just such a safe, healthful Camp as we had. It was through this very effort that such things as Camp closure, Camp quarantine, isolation and the like, did not occur in this State, where its Board of Health is alert and active to the minute in its powers of supervision. To Mr. Goudey's splendid efforts and Mr. Zalk's acquiescence in what seemed the correct solution of bath-house, sewage, and garbage disposal problems, is due much praise. For the Camp fulfilled its destiny and remained open and unmolested, after inspection by State and County authorities throughout its allotted time. Let us remember about this real problem and become even more perfect another year.

While coöperation between the various departments was the finest in the experience of many of us, there was also splendid coöperation received from members of the medical profession not in any way connected with the Order of the Star. Months before May twenty-first, the Medical Director of the Camp began making contacts in the towns round about Ojai, for it was necessary to be prepared for

any emergency more serious than could be cared for with our own limited facilities. Men skilled in their respective arts, and who were at the same time trustworthy and willing, had to be found.

It was necessary to have outside resources, and coöperation was promised, from a specialist in eye, ear, nose, and throat troubles; an X-Ray diagnostician; a dentist; a surgeon; hospital facilities, bed, and two ambulances. And to our great joy and relief, such men and means were found, willing to answer any call, night or day, to come to the Ojai if desired, and to serve us in any way they could—for which service we had but to ask. For this, the Order was grateful, because it felt that whatever might happen, men skilled in technique and effort were ever ready to serve us. It was truly a marvelous lesson in coöperation.

In passing, I may say that some of this proffered service was requisitioned, and it proved to be thoroughly satisfactory to both patient and staff. Such is the esteem in which the Order of the Star, Krotona, Arya Vihara (anything in the Ojai, in fact), is held in the vicinity in which these are situated.

There now remains the long awaited opportunity and the very great happiness of thanking all those at the Camp who thought kindly of us, who wished us well, who hoped there would be no serious accidents or illnesses, and who were non-sparing in their praise and courtesy whether they came to us for aid or not. Their constant, cheerful, and sympathetic attitude toward us was highly appreciated.

And to the very excellent staff which manned the hospital unit, the Medical Director wishes once more to extend her most sincere thanks for the graciousness of its coöperation, the fineness of its discrimination, and the loyalty which it displayed, both to her and toward one of the oldest and most honored of all professions. To my good staff goes all the praise.

(Those who observed the efficient pre-Camp arrangements, and then the actual management of the Medical Department by Dr. Zuber, and her tireless efforts to aid those in need of treatment, know to whom the most of the praise is due. Ed.)



# Music at the Star Camp

By MRS. GLEN ELLISON

The musical instinct is so deeply implanted in most of us that it must have constant expression. The child sings at its play; the stevedore at his work. Bond salesmen carol in the morning bath, stenographers, as their flying fingers deal with musty affairs of trade, hum snatches of "La Boheme."

The world sings, or listens to a song.

The layman can scarcely realize the subtle, intricate detail of circumstance which attends the fulfillment of the desired accomplishment of a week's program at the Camp, and few realize the obstacles to be contended with out of doors—such as atmospheric conditions etc., which play havoc with stringed instruments. The violin, 'cello, piano, and especially the harp—being the most sensitive of all, rightfully demand protection from the elements.

The piano for instance: The generous loan of Vida Reed Stone had practically no protection, and in consequence has lost forever the fine tonal quality it once possessed.

Likewise the harps whose many strings broke both before and during the program, were unable to bring to the Star Camp the complete beauty which we had anticipated. To assemble a varied program of voice, both solo and duet, instrumental and ensemble, required months of sustained effort. Artists had to be selected who were able to bring to the Star Camp those particular qualities of adaptability, understanding, and that certain amount of spirituality which urged them to give of their best.

It was quite noticeable that they *did* do this, for they sang and played with a charm and grace, not quite understood even by themselves. It was also quite noticeable to me, during the weeks of preparation, that the selections offered by the various artists seemed not to be in keeping with the musical standard which we had set for the Star Camp; but as the time drew near, the program was finally constructed as desired

from foundation to spire.

We also want gratefully to acknowledge the fact that these artists were busy people, maintaining themselves through their artistry. In many instances, they had to refuse contracts, concert pupils, and even close their studios for a few days to give us the privilege of enjoying the musical perfection which they had acquired through long years of sustained effort. A few were partially compensated, but most of them gave us their all. Thus is the blessing of music. The performer is successful in his art in proportion to the degree of realism he can bring to his role—and truly the role of the musician was a very real one at our Star Camp.

We are deeply indebted to the following artists for their artistry:

THE LEVINGS TRIO, an organization of young artists, has become distinguished in Los Angeles for its interpretation of the best in chamber music. The series of delightful annual summer concerts in the miniature Bowl of Eagle Rock is the product of this organization and it is well known in concert and club circles throughout the vicinity.

DORIS LEVINGS, *pianist*, is an artist pupil of Olga Steeb. Her work both in solo and ensemble playing needs no introduction to Los Angeles audiences.

GRACE WARREN, *violinist*, is a graduate of the Damrosch Institute of New York. She has given concerts both in the East and on the Pacific Coast.

MARCIA LEVINGS, *'cellist*, artist pupil of Alex Simonsen, is known also for her able work both as solo and ensemble artist.

ROSALIE BARKER FRYE, *English concert contralto* of London and New York. Prominent in concert and oratorio work. Solo artist with Charles Wakefield Cadman. Winner of the recent contest for Resident Solo Artist for the Hollywood Bowl summer concerts, to appear with Eugene Goossins.

ELSIE WATKINS-MILLS: Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music, London, England. Gold medalist—singing, organ, piano. Famous throughout England and Canada as a concert artist accompanist. Artist student of Frederick Corder, master teacher of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and organ student of Dr. Chas. Macpherson, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, Lon-



don, England, and Dr. H. A. Frecker, conductor of the noted Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, Canada.

FLORA FIELD, professionally known as Flora Valeria, well known lyric soprano. The rich qualities, beauty and sweetness of voice displayed in her songs have charmed large audiences throughout southern California, New York, and Central America. Recent soloist at United Artists Theater, Los Angeles.

LUIGI ROSSELLI, *Polish tenor*. Artist pupil of Jean De Reszke and Enrico Rosati. Singer with Ukrainian National Chorus.

HERBERT DOUGLAS, *concert pianist*. Artist pupil of Leopold Godowsky.

CORA BIRD, *coloratura soprano* of unusual

ability. Student artist of Gloria Mayne. Cora Bird possesses a charming personality, and is a favorite in the southland. Her work as a concert and radio artist has won enthusiastic comment, and her recent successes as a leading member of the Shrine Light Opera Company has placed her among the coming Light Opera and Musical Comedy stars.

There was also a company of harpists and their music was truly delightful.

★ ★ ★

(The arrangements for the artists and the program were made by Mrs. Ellison, and to her the Camp was indebted for one of its most delightful features. ED.)

## THE OJAI CAMP

By NELLIE E. DASHIELL

Encircling uplifts close the valley 'round  
While Topa Topa with majestic grace,  
Veiled in the haze of distance, towers aloft  
To guard the pass of Ojai's sacred shrine.  
And here it is that many pilgrim souls  
Attuned to greet the new, the future age,  
Who yearn to learn of Truth, to find the  
Path,

The Path that leads unto the "mountain  
top,"

Have come responsive to the message sent  
Through one who consecrates his life, his  
all,

To fill the mission and obey the call.

At Ojai, Nature's wondrous song of life is  
felt,

The stillness of the twilight and the dawn,  
The song of birds, the croaking frogs, the  
chirp

Of crickets in the cool, sweet, silent night,  
The glorious sunlight as it sifts its beams  
Through early mists—the change of flitting  
shadows

O'er the scene in transient, orderly array,  
The stars that nightly fill the mind with  
mystery—

While most of all the aspiration, true, profound,

Of many human hearts transcends the air  
Into akasic depths, and leaves its impress  
there.

From many lands these pilgrim souls have  
come,

And yet to each and all it seems like home,  
For each one speaks the language of the  
heart.

A tented city lifts its humble spires  
Above the furrow'd land between the hills;  
The grand, old oaks as with our Druid sires  
Are temples where we meditate, aspire,  
And listen to the words of wisdom given  
free

To lead from sense to the sublime within;  
Aye, greater still than immortality,  
To reach the goal—Eternal Unity.





# The Star Camp

By SILAS EDGAR SNYDER

It is an old and almost a universal saying that, if you want really to know a man, go camping with him. And that may apply to a Camp of hundreds as well as to a Camp of two or three.

Surely that is where character is brought out, for there are bound to be irritations attendant upon a Camp assemblage, disturbances that would never arise in the everyday life in the city where men and women meet in their own business places or in their own homes.

In a Camp like our recent Congress of the Star at Ojai, the idea of the brotherhood of man, as evidenced by brotherly love, is best expressed in service, the common everyday duties of the Camp.

This particular Camp was certainly made up, for the most part, of men and women of superior culture and refinement and the ordinary amenities were, of course, expected to be in evidence; but active service involving hard labor, long hours, "grave yard" watches, personal, and even spiritual sacrifice, are quite other things. Working in a hot kitchen, perspiring in the dish-washing department, digging ditches, doing kitchen, police and cafeteria duty, handling baggage, doing carpenter work, disposing of garbage, banging a typewriter, patrolling roads, looking after the comfort of hundreds of people—this is real service; and the persons who do such service are by this token expressing brotherly love in the only practical way that it can really be expressed—everydayly.

Such was the spirit of the Camp Congress at Ojai and, while doubtless there may have been a few laggards, these latter had such a salutary example set before them that the next Ojai Camp will in all probability be able to show a percentage of 100 in point of service. At such a Camp one who takes no part at all in the daily work, aside from merely attending the meetings and lectures, is merely an ornament (maybe)—provided that persons be able-bodied and equipped to do any kind of work.

Such a Camp is equal to that of a battalion of soldiers; and the administration of its affairs is even a bigger job, for the strict military discipline of the army insures order; and when a gathering like our Ojai Camp records no breach of Camp rules, or even of etiquette, in an eight-day session, surely there is a spirit of self-sacrifice, service, and therefore brotherly love abroad among these people.

When a banker washes dishes, a district attorney does police duty, a priest performs kitchen labor, an authoress scrubs floors, an army officer digs ditches, when tired business men and women do police and kitchen duty eagerly and from choice there's a reason, and that reason can be found only in the spirit of service—the true sense and evidence of the brotherhood of man in a common ideal.

It is always in practical ways that spiritual truths find their most impressive expressions. I recall the story of an old friend "back east:"

One day, out for a walk, he found himself at the foot of a high, steep hill. A chubby little boy was just ahead of him, painfully trudging up the hill, carrying a child almost as big as himself.

"Are you going all the way up the hill?" asked my friend. "Sure," said the boy, "I live up there." "Are you going to carry that child all the way?" "Sure, I am." "He's too heavy for a bit of a lad like you. Better let me give you a lift." "Naw," replied the little fellow, hugging his burden the tighter in fear lest the man should try to take the child away. "Why, he ain't heavy; he's my brother."

There you have it in one simple story. No work should be too hard if we have in our hearts that it is our brother we serve; for verily service to our brother is service to our God and, therefore, service to ourselves. And herein, also lies efficiency—the greatest efficiency in the world—for a labor of love is a perfect work and there is nothing to equal it.



# Krishnamurti

By HARRY CARR

(One of the most interesting interviews given to the Press by Krishnamurti at the recent Star Camp was that with the internationally known writer, Harry Carr, and published in the Los Angeles *Times*.)

Two slender hands clutched my arm so hard it hurt.

"Oh, sir—don't you—can't you understand?"

## KRISHNAMURTI

Word had come to me that, if I would like to have a heart-to heart talk with Krishnamurti, it could be arranged. It turned out to be an extraordinary experience. For an hour, I asked stupid, blundering questions, and he answered.

## LIKES ARGUMENT

There is nothing solemn or holy about this boy. He is quite matter-of-fact—simple and eager. He keeps asking you to dispute with him.

## AN UNHAPPY WORLD

Inasmuch as he is hailed by millions as the apostle of happiness on earth, I asked him why—in all my enormous personal acquaintance, there is not one happy person. I don't know anybody who is happy.

## FEAR OF DESIRE

"For instances—you," he said. "You are like so many to be found among Occidental people.

"You suffer from two things: you have no real purpose in life and you are in fear of your desires.

"Like most western people you live in a state of chaotic, cosmic confusion. You are like a man who is trying to drive three spirited horses. Instead of pulling as a team, they are pulling in opposite directions."

## THE TRILOGY

Krishnamurti then explained:  
The human soul is a trilogy; the mental,

the emotional and the physical body. Only when the three are in harmony can happiness be achieved. To achieve harmony the following goals must be achieved:

The mental: To realize your complete unity—your oneness with all creation; to know that you are one stone in a perfect mosaic. That is not loss of identity. You are unique—but not separate.

## ALL FOR ONE

Illustrating this, I asked him: "If I were Krishnamurti and you were Harry Carr, I would be bored stiff by this long talk; why are you not bored stiff?"

"Because," he said, "I realize that, in a certain sense, I am you and you are me. I am not bored with myself. I couldn't be without being bored by life itself."

## TO WANT NOTHING

The emotional goal: To have no desires.

"There is nothing I want from you or anybody else," he said. "Neither money, nor fame nor anything else."

I told him I had no material desires—except for other people. That all I wanted was to get away and live in the desert—away from people.

He clutched my arm almost fiercely. "Oh, sir; don't you understand? You are afraid of your desires. You think you have none; but they are so strong that you want to run away—to escape from your fear of desiring."

## PAINTING THE SHELL

The physical goal: The perfect body and the perfect sense of beauty. I grinned.

"Oh, you don't understand," he said. "Western people do not understand the body—all this diet, calisthenics . . . make-up, beauty doctors.

"That is merely painting the shell. Substituting paper flowers for the rose."

## WHAT PRICE PEACE

I asked him how anyone could struggle for money and still have no desires.



"Those are your responsibilities—your experiences. . . ."

"But I don't want experiences—I want peace."

### THE SUM OF EXPERIENCE

He explained that happiness is life—the complete life—lived in harmonious adjustment. And life is the sum total of experience. Only as you have experiences can you accomplish the adjustments that make harmony—the freedom from chaos which is happiness.

### LACK OF PURPOSE

"You have no purpose," he said. "All you are trying to do is to back out—to escape. Even in death there is no such escape."

"The water gets to the sea—where is harmony and freedom—only by beating its

way over the stones of innumerable stream banks."

### JUST A TICKET

"How should one think of money if one is to have no desires?"

"As a ticket through life; not as an end to be achieved."

### THE POOR ARE FREE

I asked him if he had had no struggles to achieve peace and harmony. He hesitated. "Well, not many—in this life."

And he added: "You will understand that when I went to Europe from India, I met many rich, famous and intellectual people—artists, poets, sculptors, financiers. . . . But

"I found that I had to go to live among the very poor who did not know where their next meal was coming from. Only they were free souls."

## A Thought from Ojai

### A NEWCOMER

As I was sitting, watching the beauty of the hills, this thought came to me out of the peace:

The Age of the Mind is passing to make place for the Age of the Intuition.

Lower mind is the Satanic Principle—the separative influence. Intuition is the cohesive principle—the Christ Consciousness. Here, in the Valley, one seems to see the last bitter struggle taking place between the two. Quite naturally the "Powers of Darkness" are making a worthy struggle to hinder the advance of consciousness or life.

How do they wage? What are their methods? Seek and ye shall find.

These Powers of Darkness are worthy foes, they know their business, they attack each in his weakest point. To the one who has prided himself on his honesty, comes the bitter charge of theft; to the weak in body, illhealth; to the united,

in marriage or otherwise, the *convincing* thought of separation. You, too, who have observed could add many other examples to the list. Some "realize" that the valley does not "suit" them; many find it relentless in its calm beauty; to such this little message is sent to help them to stand back, to rouse the intuition, and try to understand, to know just what is happening here. Just a battle ages old, yet ever new. Are *you* going to let the separative influence win, or are you going, with a little additional knowledge, to let the cohesive principle have a chance? Let each remember that as everyone in his small universe stands firm and bears his struggle, seeing it as a privilege and a duty, so will the whole be helped and the way made a little clearer for the "Messenger of the Camp."

"We are but parts of one stupendous Whole

Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul."



# In and Out of the Press Tent

Ojai Camp

By FLORENCE GILL

May I introduce the Press Staff in the Publicity Tent, officially known as Department Seven?

Looking over "copy," seated amid flowers in an old all-embracing arm-chair in her tent, together with oriental rugs and other ornaments which were brought to help make the Press Tent attractive to our newspaper critics, is Marie Russak Hotchener, faithful Head of the Publicity Department of the Camp, affectionately dubbed "Big Chief" by her co-workers. To her belongs the authority on all matters pertaining to the work, and (judging by the many personal interviews woven into the day's program), authority on many other subjects too.

See another corner of the tent. Those flying fingers on the typewriter, ever busy transmitting the message of her fertile brain, belong to one of the staff. Donna Preble, assigned as special correspondent to the *Ventura County Star*, her idle moments spent in preparing articles for magazines. We wonder—does she tap-tap, tap-tap-tap even in her sleep?

This quiet, wise-looking man who is asking ever thoughtfully if he can "shoot" someone's story for her while in Ojai phoning in his own "daily" to the *Los Angeles Evening Herald*, is Silas Edgar Snyder, he of the helping hand and ready humor.

She, who is quick in mind and service, and just leaving the tent to help in an under-manned department with "offices" next door, is Helen E. Crane, assigned to the *Los Angeles Examiner*.

"Big Chief's" *Aide de Camp* (according to her, her perpetual, devoted aid), Henry Hotchener, stands over there by the entrance to the tent ready to dispense impartially cheer, encouragement, points to reporters or others, solid counsel, ice-cream, fruit drinks, or any other form of help, physical or mental.

The Writer (One of my staff who served with rare ability. ED.) is seen disappearing between the tents with her temperamental "portable," seeking an unlocked automobile or other quiet spot in which to get out her daily copy for the *Los Angeles Times*. A wondrously harmonious, happy group of coöperators, loathe to part at the end of the week, looking forward to a reunion in the 1929 Camp.

Looking back on those busy days, certain features stand out vividly against the kaleidoscopic background of our Tent City. Each Department registered its full quota of cheerful service; each Department felt the responsibility it carried in endeavoring to make this first International Star Camp Congress in America, a worthy setting for the World-Teacher's Message.

The responsibility of taking this Message outside the gates, stripped of its enhancing environment, the words torn from their enlightening context, giving them to the man in the street through the columns of his daily paper in such a manner that the meaning of it all—of the gathering, of the Message—should be made just as far as possible impervious to misunderstanding, this was the responsibility of the Press Department. No mean task! With a keen realization of that which was ours to attempt, we accepted the trust with "serious joyousness," and fortunately found intelligent help in the newspaper men and women themselves.

Previous to the opening of Camp, "Big Chief" had sent out preliminary invitations to the southern California newspapers, offering them the courtesies of the Camp on any one day they cared to send representatives. The interest exceeded all expectations; the Ojai telephone operator told us that newspapers were phoning in from all over the State and near-by States, even as far north as San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, but were unable to reach us due



to the busyness of the Camp telephone lines.

Amongst those who did succeed in visiting us were press representatives from Los Angeles, Hollywood, Pasadena, Long Beach, Huntington Park, San Diego, Ventura, and Santa Barbara—editors, assistant editors, authors, well-known feature writers who showed keen interest in every detail, and in many cases, asked searching philosophical questions which gave the Star Press staff excellent additional mental exercise. They came, they saw and—they were conquered; and moreover, they paid Krishnaji and his Camp the tribute of earnestly requesting daily "stories" to be sent in by our Press Department, with the promise that our "stuff" would not be mutilated, but treated with respect—and they kept their word.

The Camp in itself was a great novelty to them; a religious Camp they thought it, yet meeting with practically none of the recognized features of such a gathering. They saw a Congress of nearly 1,000 delegates drawn, Chautauqua-like, from all paths of life, scientists, artists, professional and business men and women, from "the Church and the State," all sinking differences of creed, nationality, and temperament, merging their lives in the daily duties of the Camp; people who had come together, literally from the ends of the earth to study their Teacher's Message of Truth concerning a harmonious understanding of life, and his interpretation of the kingdom of happiness—the modern application of the ancient words, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

The freedom of our Tent City was given to all our Press visitors for one day. They wandered at will, escorted or alone, as they chose. We wanted them to feel the real "atmosphere" of the place, to see the work of the Order of the Star in the Camp from all possible angles, to fully satisfy their interest—or their curiosity—as we knew from previous experience with reporters that, in our case, familiarity does not breed contempt but the very reverse. And so the more questions they asked the better we liked it and the better friends we became. Even the one or two who showed by their attitude that they came ready to criticise forgot what they came

for; somehow the Camp Spirit (capitalized purposefully) controlled the situation and a desire for understanding took the place of criticism.

Of course their chief interest centered in Krishnaji. Could they see him personally? "Why, certainly! How long can you be with us? We'll telephone for an appointment"—and as soon as our overtaxed phone was free the time was set. They seemed genuinely surprised that Krishnaji was so accessible. Each was warmly welcomed and the result of the personal touch was the expression, each after his own kind and temperament of the deep impression made by Krishnaji's friendliness, sincerity, earnestness, and his great simplicity—and the seed was sown for the better understanding of his work for humanity.

While many foreign nations were represented at the Congress, it remained for Germany to have a special correspondent in the person of Miss Rita Kissin, reporting for the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

All the papers were generous in spirit and space. Their general attitude will be seen in the following excerpts taken from the numerous clippings gathered from available papers.

Joseph M. Park, assistant editor of the *Los Angeles Times* was in Camp on the first two days and wrote two long stories in consequence. His impression of the opening of Camp appeared in the first one.

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## NEW TEACHER WALKS HILLS

CAMP OF KRISHNAMURTI IN OJAI COUNTRY  
RECALLS TALES OF ANCIENT  
DAYS IN PALESTINE

By JOSEPH M. PARK

OJAI, May 21.—A strange thing took place in the quiet Ojai hills here tonight. One thousand persons, assembled from the four corners of the earth in a great tent camp here yesterday, wended their way at twilight time to an ancient oak-studded hilltop overlooking this peaceful valley. They seated themselves in the open air on a gentle slope in groups around a great fire. As the purple night came on Krishnamurti, a slight, dark-skinned high-born son of India, stepped into the foreground and chanting an ancient Vedic hymn in Sanskrit, lighted the fagot pile. As its blue smoke ascended to the serene starlit sky he addressed the assemblage. So began the International Camp Conference of



the Order of the Star for the first time in America.

"I come to help you find in yourself—from what is within you and not from what is outside—the great happiness for which the heart yearns," is in substance, Krishnamurti's explanation of his mission.

#### UNIMPOSING FIGURE

The pleasant-mannered Hindu is so slight, and young-looking as to appear but a mere youth and the picturesqueness of his addressing the throng seated at his feet around a hilltop Camp-Fire in the open night amid the mountains, beggars description. . . .

Krishnamurti himself is head of the Order. It is said to be established in forty-seven countries and its magazine, *The Star*, is published in fourteen languages. The order was formed to promote the dissemination and reception of Krishnamurti's teaching.

Business meetings of the Order are conducted at the Camp in an open space in a liveoak grove on one of the hillsides. Approximately 600 tents have been erected to accommodate Camp attendance.

Mr. Park's wish to correct wrong impressions caused the following item to appear later in the week:

#### STATEMENTS DENIED

Following this afternoon's meeting Krishnamurti issued a statement denying reports that the Order of the Star is a theosophic organization. While he was brought out and developed by Dr. Annie Besant, renowned Theosophist, the leader declared, the order is not confined to people of any one sect or creed but is open to all.

Some of Krishnamurti's followers have endowed him with supernatural qualities. He has been heralded as a second Christ, an ascription which he deprecates.

Mr. Park's reactions to the physical activities of the Camp are interesting:

Drawn to this international congress of the Order are persons from every walk of life. One of the outstanding figures at the Camp is Phelps Stokes, philanthropist of New York, who volunteered his services as a Camp aid and was placed at the main entrance gate to do guard duty. In the kitchen personnel there are bankers, lawyers, army captains, druggists, engineers and two bishops and their wives, all of them holding important places in their respective communities, who are washing dishes and peeling potatoes to feed the large gathering three times a day at the Camp. . . .

The spirit of cooperation also has pervaded other departments of the camp during the week, one department in which this is particularly noticeable being the hospital department. Dr. A. Zuber of the Los Angeles Board of Health, is in charge of this department and from a list obtained by questionnaires sent to available physicians who are volunteers of the Order, the following volunteers came forth: Five regis-

tered physicians from widely scattered points; osteopaths, chiropractors, surgeons, and dentists. There is also a staff of trained nurses and all have given their services free. There were no serious accidents, but considerable minor service was given. . . .

One of the features of the gathering has been the children's Camp under the care of Miss Helen Stone and four trained kindergarten workers. Situated at a little distance from the main Camp, more than half a hundred children have been able to enjoy the open-air life without disturbing the quiet of the meetings or other activities of the Camp.

#### HOOR FOR CHILDREN

This morning the children had their own hour with Krishnamurti under the trees. The teacher talked to them in the language that childhood understands and had an attentive audience during the hour.

Krishnamurti again answered questions handed him at the morning meeting of the conference. More than 200 questions were sent in. Replying to one inquiry as to how the sorrowful person can be happy, he replied:

"Sorrow is the perfume of life. You are afraid of sorrow, thinking it something fearful, something you should be above. On the other hand, sorrow gives strength through experience, sustains you in your struggle, which also is experience. Invite sorrow out of the abundance of your heart and do not put it aside.

"How can you be happy without sorrow? How can you have sympathy without tears in your life? You must have all things, and sorrow is as noble as joy. Only by dressing it in black is sorrow made dreadful. You want to attain without a struggle—a spiritual drug store is what most people are looking for—antidotes for fears; that is why you look for external help to uphold you. You are afraid to face whatever weakness is yours; afraid to face yourself and conquer."

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The following extracts from the pen of the well-known writer, Gilmore Millen, of the *Los Angeles Evening Herald*, need no comment:

#### KRISHNAMURTI TELLS WORLD PANACEA

By GILMORE MILLEN

Beneath the fantastically crooked branches of live oak trees on a green hillside near Ojai a dark young man from India gave out today part of a message his followers hope will liberate humanity from woe.

A thousand men and women from all parts of the world—men and women from the most widely contrasted conditions of life—leaned forward and listened to him, believing that they were hearing words as important to the future as some uttered on a mount by the sea of Galilee in Palestine, or beneath a Bo tree by the Ganges, in Hindustan, thousands of years ago. . . .

All day long these men and women have been



arriving at the Camp from all parts of the United States, from Europe, and even Asia. Some were driven by chauffeurs in very expensive automobiles, and others crept down the road in dilapidated flivvers. Hundreds came on special trains from the east, backed into a siding two miles from the session. A thousand had made reservations to attend the meeting and all but 100 were in Camp last night. Each of these had registered and had been given a palmetto tent, furnished with a cot and a camp-chair, to live in for the term of the Convention. Many of them were given tasks—for all work, cooking, dish-washing, cleaning, supervising, watching is done by volunteers; that is one of the regulations of the meeting.

And so, lost in contemplation of cosmic cycles and doctrines that came down from Hermes Trismegistus in Egypt and Pythagorus in Greece, overwhelmed by the profound writings of Madame H. P. Blavatsky and other Theosophists, some of them went about these tasks smiling and thinking of reincarnation.

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The unknown, the occult, the esoteric seemed to be just behind a thin curtain everywhere; there was an emotional tenseness in the woman reading *The Star* magazine beneath a Japanese parasol, that seemed real to the layman: a strange feeling of the unusual in the joyful smiles of women serving substitutes for meat behind counters of the cafeteria.

Above the community of new tents, above the three white stucco bath houses, where bathers were checked in and out, above the white stucco central building which houses a modern kitchen and a bookstore filled with books and pictures dealing with Krishnamurti, the young Hindu himself sat in an old frame ranch house, attended by the Camp manager, a secretary and one or two close associates.

#### LEADER SMILES

Smiling he was, a smile that brooded and enticed; a smile that commanded and apologized and sympathized and wondered. And he was quite willing to explain it all, to tell just what he thought about it all. . . .

He said that he had reunited himself with the central life that flows in every living thing and was free and happy and "I want to free man from the fear of desire."

"I am for no religion. Religions are like drugs for man.

#### WANTS NO DISCIPLES

"Man is caged. Instead of breaking the bars of his cage and becoming free man gilds the bars. I will teach him to break them. I am happy. I want all men to be happy, but I do not want followers. I have no disciples, I want man to listen, to learn to look to themselves.

"I might be cast aside in four or five years if I live that long. That would be the natural thing for men to do to one who shows them their faults, who tells them that their religions are drugs.

"But I do not care. That has always been the way."

And he talked on about religion and his renunciation of all of them, even theosophy. His unusually large eyes lit up as he spoke and there was no question that he did not want to answer, to expound, stressing each point by clenches with his slender hand. . . .

Dinner time came and crickets and frogs in the darkness shouted their protest at the Camp. Another meal was eaten in the tents and each person who ate was ordered to take the used dishes back to the kitchen, stacked just such a way.

A flashlight gleamed on the hay field and flashed its rays on the sides of the new tents. Time for the first Camp-Fire. . . .

Flames, like gold-clad dancers, wraithed suddenly out of the darkness to illumine the faces of 900 men and women crouched on the bare ground of a mountain over the Ojai Valley.

Swaying and twisting in the cool night air the golden flames increase in number, paling now the slim arc of the sinking moon—burnishing the dark face of a slender youth who stood before them.

Unexpectedly, he began to chant a song almost as old as man—a hymn in Sanskrit to the fire god, a wailing refrain that Zoroastrian priests might have voiced in the temples of ancient Babylon.

Then the descent into the Camp. Two hours before midnight there were no sounds or lights to reveal the presence of those who had come to the meeting, but there were hopes and dreams of perhaps a thousand strange universes and lives and reincarnations.

Believers in this year of 1928 in a Savior of the world slumbered near their Leader. Twice a day they went to hear him talk and tell them how to free themselves. The happy volunteer night-watchmen strolled the lane and the crickets chirped the same chant of freedom and happiness they knew when men lived in caves.

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### The Ventura County Star felt that the ORDER OF STAR CONVENTION MEANS MUCH TO THE COUNTY

Ventura county today was beginning to wake up to the fact that one of the greatest international conventions of today is being held this week, and will be held every year in May, in the Ojai Valley.

This is the annual international congress of the Order of the Star organization, of which Jiddu Krishnamurti is the leader.

Each year members of the Order will come back to Ojai to the huge estate, the Ojai Camp, to listen to Krishnamurti. This year about 1000 members are in attendance at this first international congress ever to be held in the United States. Two others have been held in the past, one at Ommen, Holland, and the other at Benares, India.

Next year, as the organization grows and its members feel more and more the road to happiness they are seeking is nearer at hand, more



and more of the world-wide congregation will attend the Ojai Congresses. This means as much to the Ojai Valley and Ventura county in a worldly way as it does to the members of the Order of the Star in a spiritual way, for these people will remember the beautiful country here and advertise its wonders throughout the universe.

Many of them are planning to make their future homes in this vicinity that they may be nearer the American home of their leader, Krishnamurti, in the Ojai Valley.

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Today found the Camp in full swing with the 1000 members fully settled in the routine of Camp life and deeply interested in the teachings of their young Hindu leader.

While Krishnamurti nightly presides over the Camp-Fire gathering on the top of a nearby hill and lectures to his followers on the way to obtain "Happiness Through Liberation," but a small essence of his preachings reach the outside world during the Camp period because the young Leader has expressed a desire that little publicity be given his teachings and lectures until they have first been printed in the Order's official publication. This, it is explained, is done to prevent a possible incorrect interpretation being given to the doctrine he is spreading.

The gathering is very exclusive, being limited to members of the Order of the Star, and but a select few outsiders, who have been carefully vouched for by officials of the organization, are permitted to hear Krishnamurti's lectures. . . .

Tuesday morning the members congregated under the oaks to hear the opening talk of Krishnamurti and the purpose of the Camp was made clear to them.

"I have been in many lands now, opening many camps, but this Camp has a special meaning, not that you are a special people, but because you have a climate that is special, and mountains here which are a great delight," he said. "And you have trees whose dancing shadows give beauty to the place, and there are many singing birds. If you will listen to the birds you will find that the whole of nature is speaking eternally of delight and of harmony; but because humanity forgets nature and desires all sorts of man-created things of sense, there is pain, misery and no rejoicing."

He said that the purpose of the Camp was to bring a realization of freedom from ordinary restrictions, habit, and thought, creed and dogmas that bind and prejudice the human mind. Many people have thought of him as a second coming of the Messiah, but this description he ignores. He claims to be only a World-Teacher with a message for the world, a message of happiness through liberation. The understanding of life, he says, is much more vital than the eternal bungling of creeds and dogmas.

HINDU IS IMPRESSIVE

The program of the day takes the members to the oak grove early in the morning for silent meditation. Later in the morning there is a

general meeting and talk by Krishnamurti. In the evening the gathering about the Camp-Fire is particularly impressive and inspiring. Under the stars the slender figure of the young Hindu leaves an impression not soon to be forgotten as he steps forward to light the huge bonfire which burns high and bright. After the reading of one of his poems, Krishnamurti last night stole silently down the hill, leaving the group in complete silence and communion with his thoughts and the beauty of the night. He says that it is in silence that one discovers himself and the truths of life.

The Camp is remarkably well ordered; no confusion and no jostling. All are good natured and happy with eagerness to hear and understand the message of freedom and happiness through liberation from bondage that Krishnamurti gives. He holds that bondage exists in creed, prejudices and religion; it is not his purpose, he says to create a new religion, but to free people in their thoughts and to show that there is unity and harmony in life, but not in the bondage of life. To depend upon the authority of others for one's ideas and to lean upon creeds is to keep one from developing the inner life of the individual, he says.

"Do not take my authority," he says, "or the authority of another, but seek it out for yourself with intelligence."

He emphasizes the highest morality to be found in spiritual life and while he repudiates the power of evil, he says that since all is created is divine, there is no such thing as good or evil in a binding sense. There is no evil in nature and it exists but in the mind of him who becomes its victim.

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*The Ojai* gave the following description of the Camp:

The Star Camp whose location near Ojai has focussed millions of eyes on this vicinity this week, is to be available for the use of other organizations; it has been announced by the Camp management. While the present sessions of the Order of the Star have by their very nature been closed to all not belonging to the society, it has been determined that practically any other group desiring to use the splendid arrangements so efficiently made for handling a thousand persons in an event of this kind, may be able to make such an arrangement with the management. Thus the Camp immediately becomes of year-round interest to all of this state as well as to organizations all over the nation who may desire such a location and such equipment for convention purposes. Difficult to estimate are the possibilities which this very important edict of the management of the Star Camp portends for the Valley. Instead of a meeting of from one to three or four thousand persons once a year, the Camp will now likely function many times in a twelvemonth, bringing groups whose total would be hard to estimate.

Ojai has thrown its doors open to the world. In the last few days it has extended welcoming



hands to visitors of all nationalities; visitors who came expecting to find friends and be friends and who, on leaving, will bear the news of the Valley's hospitality, beauty and future to the four corners of the earth. In foreign lands and throughout the United States, the thoughts of a host of people are turned to Ojai, centering this week in the picturesque tent city which has sprung up in the mountain-ringed valley, almost as by magic since last week, the culmination of a dream—the Star Camp, the first Congress of the Order of the Star to be held in America.

Visitors are still arriving, but a conservative estimate of the registrations gives between 750 and 800 members in attendance. From India, Australia, New Zealand, South America, Central America, the Philippines, and Canada, from England, France, Holland, Russia, Greece, and Finland; and from every state in the union they have gathered, from all walks of life, mingling without distinction of race, creed or worldly advantages or disadvantages, one and all serving alike in any department of the camp work to which they may have been assigned, joyfully giving service that this initial congress, a milestone in the history of the valley, may spell success written in letters of good fellowship, understanding and above all spiritual creation and recreation.

The registration tent and cafeteria were the centers of activity during the greater part of Monday. From the time that the "special" from Chicago arrived at 7:30 A. M., made up of eight cars bringing 94 delegates, until night had fallen, work was steadily strenuous, systematically and cheerfully carried out.

The opening meeting of the Congress, the Camp-Fire, was held under the starry canopy of night, in an ideal setting, on Outlook Point, on the peak of the hill overlooking the surrounding countryside. Here the stillness of the evening was broken by the quiet murmur of voices as the great crowd gathered almost noiselessly to await the opening numbers of the musical program arranged by Mrs. Glen Ellison of Hollywood, the musical director of the week. Enhanced by the stillness and majesty of the open, the delicate beauty of the Levings trio (violin, cello and piano), the organizers of the delightful annual summer concerts in the Eagle Rock Bowl, assured their listeners of many musical treats during the Camp week. The soloist of the evening was Rosalie Barker Frye, English concert contralto of London and New York, winner of the recent contest for resident solo artist for the Hollywood Bowl Summer Concerts, accompanied by Elsie Watkin-Mills, famous throughout Canada and England as concert artist accompanist and already well-known in the same capacity in California. Inspired by the surroundings and the occasion, Mrs. Frye's glorious voice was an inspiration to her hearers.

After the music, Krishnamurti stepped forward and touched the torch to the camp fire, chanting as the flames leaped skyward, an ancient Sanskrit hymn. Louis Zalk, general director of the Camp, then extended a warm greeting to the many assembled for the first congress: C. Jinarajadasa of India, followed Mr. Zalk, delighting his listeners with an exceedingly happy talk, quaintly pointed by anecdotes ably illustrating the fact that even the humblest server is indispensable in Camp as well as in every other avenue of life's expression. Mr. A. P. Warrington next spoke poetically of the dream of a dreamer, saying that the first Star Congress of Ojai was the realization of a long-cherished vision held by one man, Krishnamurti, for many years. Y. Prasad followed him with graphic verbal snap-shots of Krishnamurti, depicting his appeal to the different types of people he contacted while on his recent tour in India. In bringing the meeting to a close Krishnamurti read one of his poems which interpreted the spiritual significance of his mission.

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Democratic in the extreme, the Star Camp mingles those of every walk of life in the activities. Serving as dishwashers in the kitchens, for instance are the following: four lawyers, one novelist, one druggist, one army captain, one bishop, one banker, and four ministers. Throughout the encampment the same comradeship of labor exists and the same happy air of fellowship turn all the tasks into play.

Interesting and important men and women among those registered at the Camp include Thomas H. Gibson, city attorney of Denver; Professor W. E. Duckering, professor of engineering of the University of British Columbia; Dr. J. J. van der Leeuw, of Rotterdam, Alexander Irvine, Ph. D., author, lecturer and social worker; Mrs. John R. Logan, president of the Philadelphia Art Theater Alliance; Dr. John Ingelman of Hollywood; J. Prasad, professor of physics at the University of Madras; Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, widow of the former United States ambassador to Russia and Germany; Reginald Pole, noted English Shakespearean actor; Rt. Rev. R. Wardall of Seattle, Wn.; Baron van Pallandt of Ommen, Holland; H. P. Stokes of New York, prominent social worker; Count J. D. Rostworoski of Paris, lecturer and reformer; Robert Logan, president of the American Anti-Vivisection Society; Mrs. Edgar Saltus, widow of the noted writer; L. W. Rogers of Wheaton, Illinois, noted writer and lecturer; Mr. Frank Kilbourne, Editor, *The Ojai*; Mrs. Henry Hotchener, Editor, *The Star*; Capt. and Mrs. Russel Lloyd Jones of the famous Philosopher's Bookshop in New York, as well as dozens of others.



# The Editors Telescope

M. R. H.

## GREATNESS

As my thoughts dwell on Krishnaji and his radiance and influence at the Camp, the apposite words of Carlyle rise to my mind:

"We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great person without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near; the light which enlightens, which has enlightened, the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining as a gift from above; a glowing light-fountain of native, original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all should feel that it is well with them."

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## INTELLECTUAL DIFFICULTIES

The following from the pen of the Editor of the *Liberal Catholic* is exceedingly well expressed and bears directly upon some of the questions in the minds of those who are interested in Krishnaji's Message:

"It is upon the achievement of this spiritual Happiness—already a fact in Nature, yet unrealized save by the few—that Krishnaji lays such strong emphasis; and there can be little doubt that his teaching is in extraordinary harmony with the spirit of the rising generation. To some it comes a shock to learn that he directs the attention of his hearers away from the orthodox systems of religion and philosophy to fix it upon Life itself, that he cries:

*"O friend,  
Wouldst thou love the reflection,  
If I can give thee the reality?  
Throw away thy bells, thine incense,  
Thy fears and thy gods,  
Set aside thy systems, thy philosophies.  
Come,  
Put aside all these.  
I know the way to the heart of the Be-  
loved.*

*O friend,  
The simple union is the best.*

*This is the way to the heart of the Be-  
loved."*

Krishnaji goes straight to the heart of reality. For him all forms are barriers hiding the Limitless Life within. Dogmatic fetters, binding the mind, holding back the soul from Liberation. He has broken the fetters and attained Liberation, and he desires to point the way that others may find it in their turn. He leads us, by what he aptly calls the "short-cut," to Truth.

To the man of spiritual perception there is no difficulty in joyously accepting both the sacraments and philosophy of the Church and the mystical teaching of Krishnaji; for both are seen to be methods of approach towards the one Reality. Difficulties only arise when we confine our consciousness to the intellectual level, trying to "make everything fit" in the light of the concrete mind, bound as it must be by its very nature to forms, ever incapable of grasping the truths of the spiritual world. We need to raise our consciousness to a higher plane, and then we shall see clearly the harmony that exists between what appear to be contradictory statements. Any one who has had the smallest touch of spiritual experience knows that it is impossible to formulate a perfect intellectual system to reveal spiritual Truth. Even if we were able to produce an intellectual system perfect in logical structure, it would be utterly incapable of expressing whole orders of consciousness which transcend the faculties of the mind as sight and hearing transcend the sense of touch. A great limitation of certain temperaments is this desire to intellectualize everything, to construct what they believe to be complete systems of ideas from insufficient data. The result is confusion when a new truth upon which they did not calculate comes into expression. The logical structure which they have so laboriously put together cannot expand to admit it, and they reject the new and priceless truth as illogical and untrue. Such as



these, for all their knowledge, have not attained Liberation.

Krishnaji seems to me to be laying emphasis upon an aspect of the spiritual life hitherto unrealized. There is something utterly original and vital in his presentation of the Truth. It is like the effect of another dimension, a looking in a direction not before perceived. This does not mean that all other ways of looking at Truth are wrong; only that here is a new way. In future articles I hope to discuss the possible effects of this new way of looking at life upon our approach towards the Christian revelation, and the type of character which will be the mark of those who follow the new teaching. Above all let us realize that our vision of the Truth becomes wider and deeper with every new presentation which we can grasp and assimilate. The wider our vision, the deeper will be our understanding, and the fuller our power of service."

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On the evening of May 15th Krishnaji gave a lecture in the far-famed Hollywood Bowl. The audience was the largest that has heretofore responded to any lecturer in this city. It was estimated that there were 15,000 who yielded willing attention to the appealing justice and Truth of the Message.

Krishnaji chose for his subject "Happiness Through Liberation;" and even though the whole lecture was exalting and illuminating, there were many truths which might be called special highlights, of which the following are a few:

For the harmonious understanding of life one must get rid of all prejudice and all tradition, for they suffocate people, and hence there is no happiness.

The mind that is free, capable of clear judgment, must be unbiased, without personal desires, vanities, ambition.

Belief is unnecessary for life, life is much more important, more vital than belief, and belief without understanding is the stagnation of the mind and the perverting of the heart.

For the understanding of life three things are necessary: A mind and a heart without prejudice, without bias; a mind and a heart in intelligent revolt; a mind and a heart made simple.

In the confusion of life many temples, many religions, many authorities exist, and hence there is agony in the mind. I want to empty the heart of its weariness, I want to show you the way to happiness for yourself. It is not in the goal or the absolute of another, it is in the goal and the absolute of yourself. Happiness can only come from liberation, from the freedom of chaos, the freedom of desire, of agony, of continually wanting. It brings you to the goal which is the recognition of the unity of life. That goal of happiness is attained through an understanding of the expression of life through the mind, the emotions, and the body.

The self, which is the accumulation of experience, must be purified intelligently through the development of your own individual uniqueness.

The harmonious understanding of life will bring about the miracle of order through the chaos of centuries.

Perfection is the fulfillment of life, and that is the goal for the mind.

For the emotions the goal is an intense, but detached, love and affection.

The body must be healthy, spiritual, and vital for the expression of life.

There must be a harmonious understanding and the coördination of the expressions of life so that you will have harmony in the mind, the emotions, and the body.

This goal must be established within yourself, it is your goal, and when you have established it, you are free, and freedom is happiness. But to attain it you must put aside the barriers of things, the barrier of fear. Everything is a matter of experience, and there is no fear.

If you would have that happiness which is eternal, which is everlasting, that happiness which does not depend on others, which is beyond all experience because it is the experience itself, then you become divine, and in divinity there is creation; and when you create lastingly, with understanding, then there is eternal happiness.

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#### KRISHNAJI UNDERSTOOD

The following tribute appeared recently in the *Pasadena Star-News*:

Speaking on Sunday morning at the Church of Truth on "Krishnamurti, a Friendly Appraisal," Rev. H. Edward Mills said: "Was ever



a youth charged with a more colossal and difficult task than has been placed upon this fine young man from India? Has any youth ever made a more heroic effort to measure up to the expectations of his friends? We must respect him for daring to try.

"His address last Tuesday evening at Hollywood Bowl certainly gave his great audience food for thought. He urged them to listen with unprejudiced mind, to exercise what he called "intelligent revolt" against even what he was saying, and to approach the matter under discussion with simplicity which, he said, is not crudeness but genius. Against one of his propositions let us intelligently revolt, his definition of truth. He declared that truth is the harmonious understanding of life. This makes it subjective rather than objective. Truth is verity whether it is understood by any one or is misunderstood by everyone. Truth never accommodates itself to man; man must always square himself with truth.

#### SANCTIONS STATEMENT

"With another of Krishnamurti's statements I find myself in complete accord. He declares that the free soul is ruled by intense but detached love. It would be hard to pack more truth into fewer words. Undoubtedly love is man's liberator providing it be sufficiently large. Where love is little and local and personal, it often reverses itself and becomes hatred. In fact many people think that love and hate are but complementary sides of the same shield. This may be true of 'attached' love but it cannot be true of 'detached' love.

"Is Krishnamurti that which his ardent admirers proclaim him to be, the 'world teacher'? That depends absolutely upon the individual. Many have made him their world teacher. Whatever he says is authority for them. All other teachers and teachings must square with him or abdicate. This is a fearful responsibility for the shoulders of any man young or old, and Krishnamurti seems to be doing his best to meet it. How far and how widely his words shall yet influence the thinking and the living of men no prophet can foresee.

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#### IMPRESSIONS

(Hollywood Bowl, May 15th, 1928)

By ELSIE HILAND FOX

Faces!

Old faces, young faces,  
Faces lined with infinite pathos,  
Faces heavy with the desires of the flesh,  
Faces drawn with the anguish of living.  
Mary Magdalen, hungry eyed; bitter  
mouthed

Martha, tired from her daily tasks;  
Mary, star eyed, dreaming, ecstatic;

Zaccheus, the publican;

Thomas of little faith;

John, the beloved;

Little children, dewey-eyed, drooping with  
sleep—

All these came up the hill, seeking Krish-  
naji.

★ ★ ★

A hush, strange in its intensity,  
Lights flaring upon the upturned faces of  
the throng,  
All merged in one great sea of expectancy.

The sky bent to the encircling hills,  
Hills shutting out the world,  
Hills closing in that unutterable yearning.

And out of that hush the sound of muted  
harps;

Surely the angels closer drew about the  
spot

And the great pulse of power o'erhung the  
place.

Light,

Not of this earth, but of some unguessed  
sphere,

A radiance . . . . peace

All neld as in some mighty hand,

Awaiting Him.

"Friends!"

Oh, thousand upon thousand "Friends!"  
Upon the weary heartstrings fell His voice  
Of healing and of happiness.

Wrapt in His aura, folded in His love,  
The little children slept, cradled in that  
sweet hush.

Old faces became young again,

Young faces shone with joy;

The lame, the halt, the blind,

Those of the marketplace, those of the  
cloistered room

Were one—His friends.

The circling hills look down,

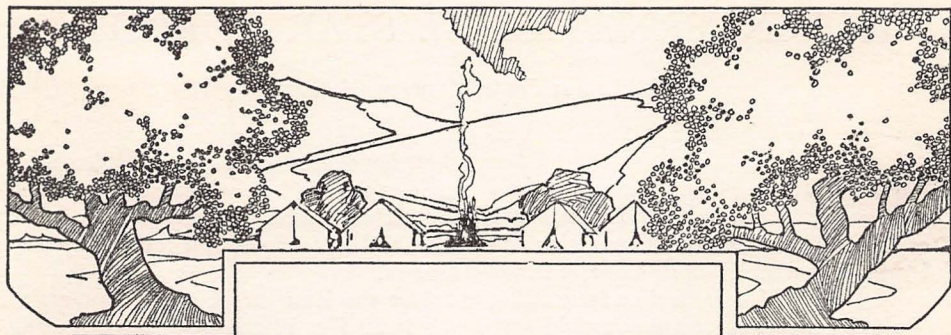
Lights flicker out,

Only the hills, and heaven, and the night,

Touched with the wonder of the Infinite,

Hills, heaven and night . . . . and men  
. . . . His friends.





## OJAI STAR CAMP OF 1929

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As the official international organ of the Order of the Star, it may be considered as the direct instrument of Krishnaji for uniting and co-ordinating his workers throughout the world. There appear in its pages almost every month short articles by him, or groups of his answers to questions on many interesting problems of the spiritual life. For all those who want to establish in the world the great ideals that Krishnaji embodies, it is a source of inspiration and guidance.

## ITS CONTENTS

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there have also been reports of lectures and of how the National Organizers are applying the new ideals to practical work for the Star, and many notes and reviews by other writers.

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